

No 12

APRIL-MAY

IND.

# COOKIE

10¢

*The Funniest Kid in Town...*

I GOT A  
FUNNY FEELIN'  
WE'RE BEIN'  
WATCHED!

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY  
INDIAN ROOM

TOTAL  
FROM  
ALABAMA



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



*The Magazine*  
THAT'S  
**MAKING AMERICA**

**BOOAH!**

HERE IT IS ---  
A BOMBSHELL OF  
BELLY-LAFFS---A  
SALVO OF SMILES  
--- THE GREATEST  
GLOOM-CHASER  
THAT EVER HIT  
THE STANDS!

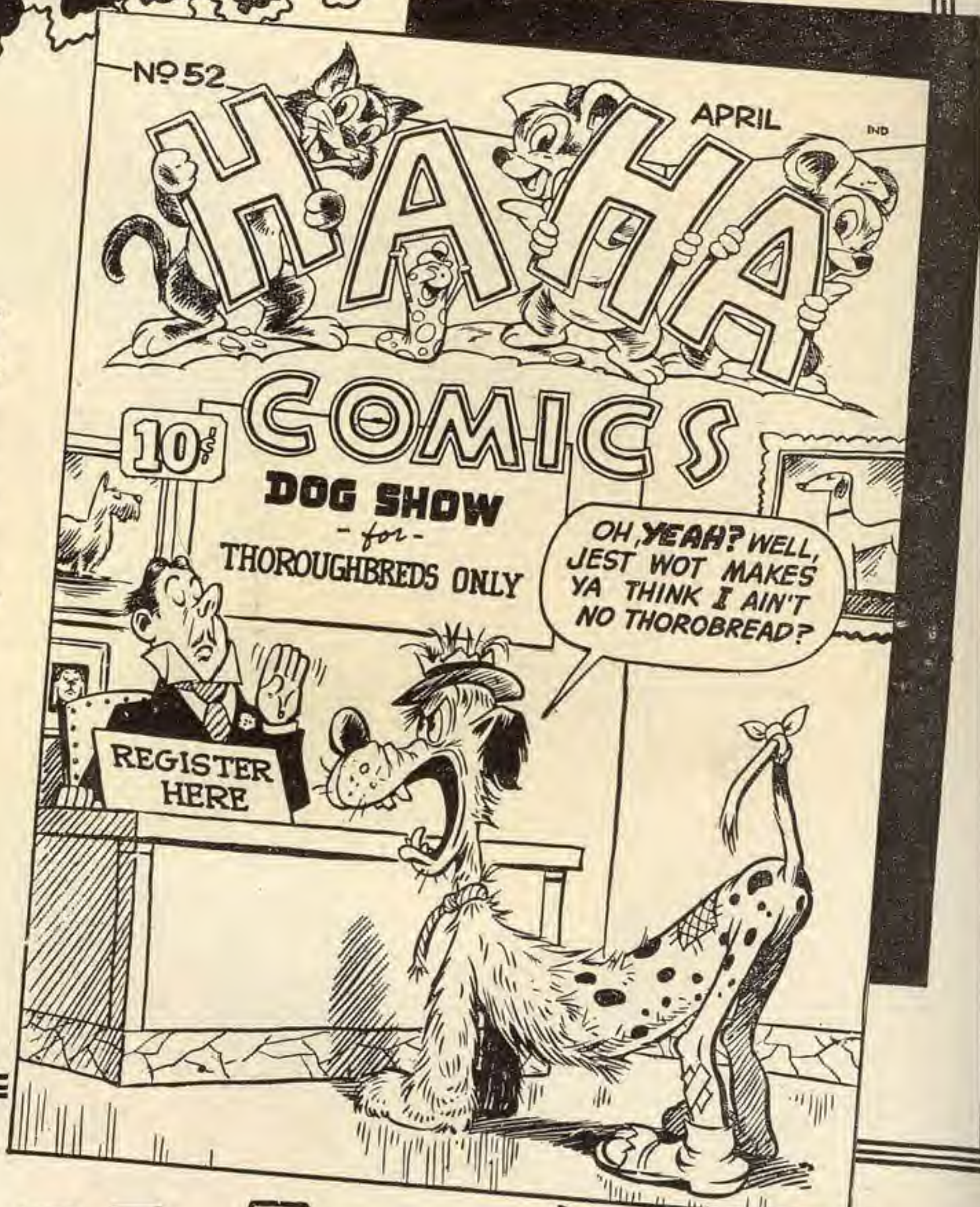
THERE'S A SHRIEK  
A SECOND WAITING  
FOR YOU --- AND  
YOU'LL LOVE IT!  
SO RUN ---DO NOT  
WALK ---TO YOUR  
NEAREST NEWS-  
STAND, AND  
SAY:



**I want**

**HA HA**  
**COMICS**

*only*  
**10¢**



**ON ALL STANDS**



# GOOKIE

**FREAK SHOW.**

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, SHORTY?  
YA KNOW, YOU AINT NO  
LARRY PARKS YOURSELF!

**'UBANGI'**

BUT  
POP!

I SAID PUT IT DOWN!  
ALL YOU DO IS READ  
COMICS...WHILE OTHER  
KIDS ACCOMPLISH  
THINGS!

YES...THINGS LIKE  
**SCHOOL ACTIVITIES!**  
WHY CAN'T YOU GIVE  
UP A FEW OF YOUR  
SILLY DANCES AND  
DATES...AND TRY TO  
DO SOMETHING FOR  
YOUR **SCHOOL?**

AW, GEE!  
WOT COULD  
I DO?



**YES...WHAT COULD COOKIE DO? WELL...  
...AT SCHOOL NEXT DAY...**

...AND I'M ASKING SOMEONE TO HELP THE SCHOOL OUT! AFTER ALL, I KNOW YOUR PARENTS WILL FEEL THAT YOU'RE TAKING A SPECIAL INTEREST IN YOUR SCHOOL IF YOU VOLUNTEER!

OH, BOY!  
**THIS IS MY CHANCE!**

AS YOU KNOW, PROFESSOR GLUMPF IS VISITING US FOR A LECTURE ON THE STRANGE CREATURES OF THE SOUTH SEAS! BUT THE HOTEL SITUATION BEING WHAT IT IS, I'M AFRAID THAT HE'LL FIND NO LIVING QUARTERS-- UNLESS ONE OF YOU OFFERS TO SHARE YOUR HOME WITH HIM!  
**WHO CAN I COUNT ON?**

**ME!**

YA SURE YA KNOW WOT YER DOIN', COOKIE?

**RELAX, JITTERBUCK!**  
IT'S JUST WOT THE DOCTOR ORDERED TO SQUARE ME WITH POP!

**SO...A FEW MINUTES LATER...**

YOU'RE SURE IT WON'T BE TOO MUCH TROUBLE FOR YOU, MOM?

NONSENSE, SON... I'LL BE **DELIGHTED**, AND SO WILL YOUR FATHER!

**AND SECONDS AFTER THAT...**

BUT POP... WHY NOT?

BECAUSE I CAN'T **STAND** STUFFY OLD PROFESSORS AROUND ME, THAT'S WHY! AND BESIDES, I...I... **HMMMMM!**

ON SECOND THOUGHT, MOM, I GUESS WE OUGHT TO... **FOR COOKIE'S SAKE!**

The DAILY GRIND  
**EXOTIC NATIVE GIRL OF RARE SPECIES ACCOMPANIES PROFESSOR**

DR. GLUMPF TO LECTURE ON LUSCIOUS MAIDEN OF LITTLE-KNOWN TRIBE



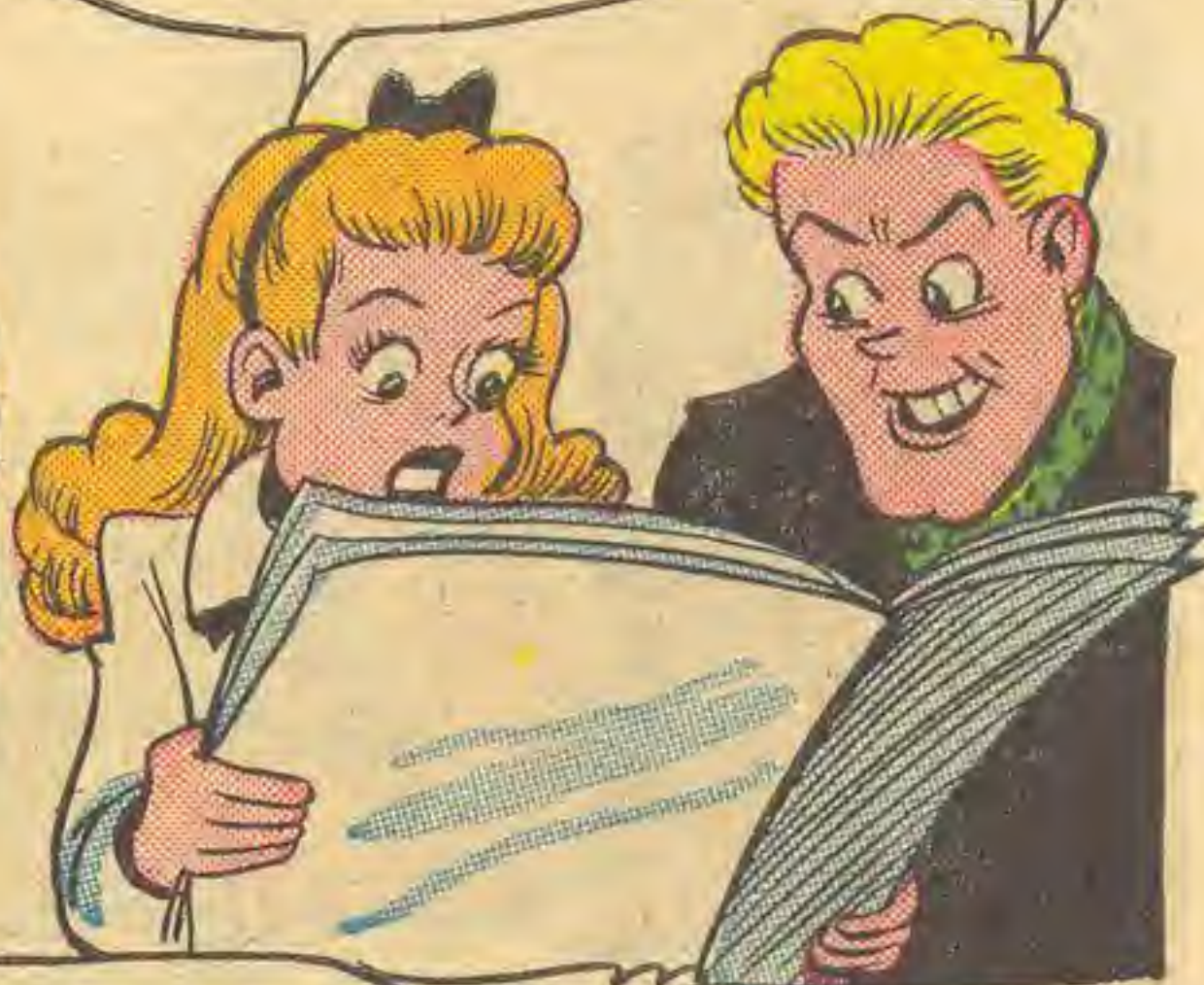
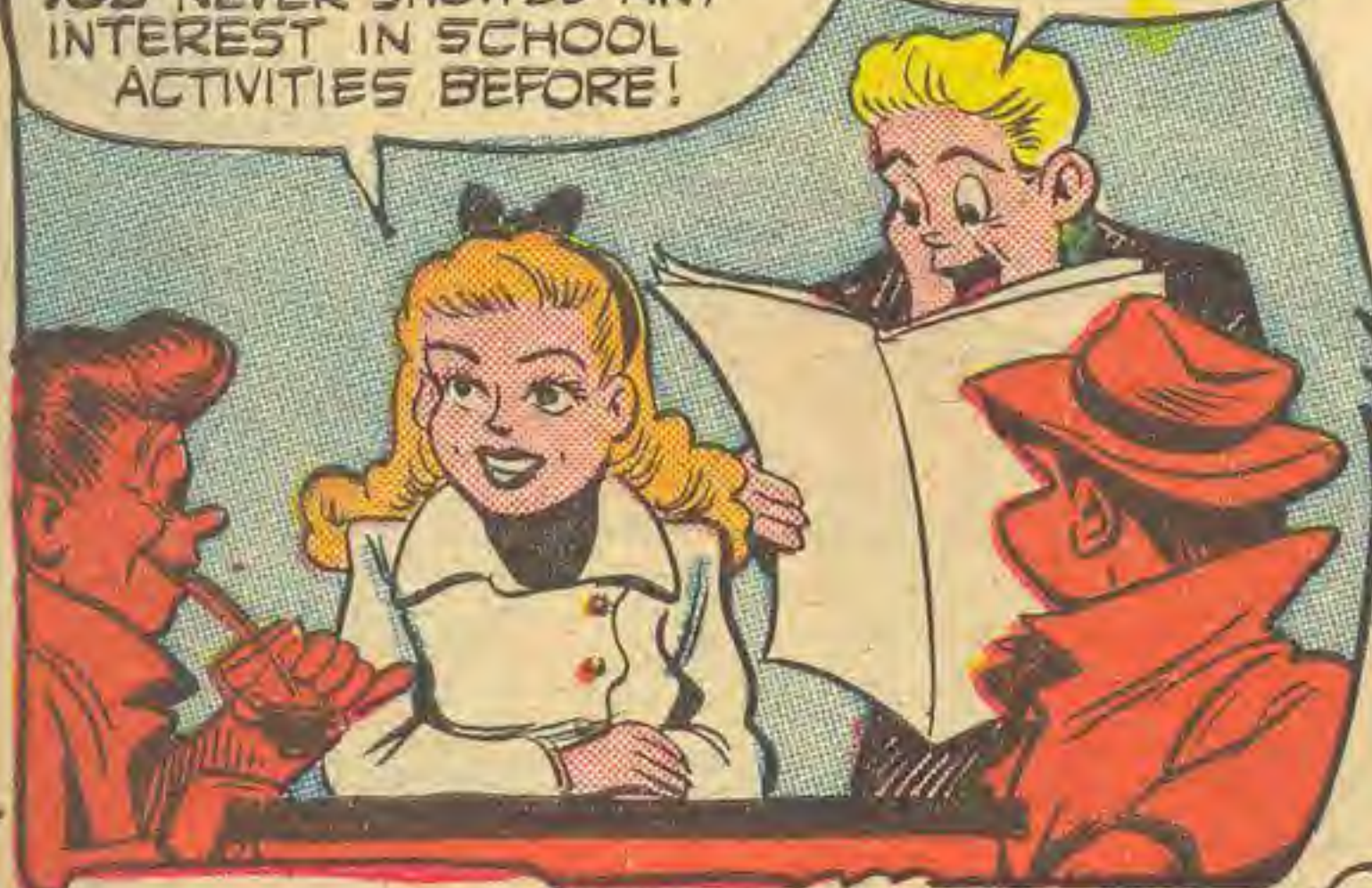
**WHILE AT THE SODA JERKERIE...**

THE ONLY THING IS, COOKIE  
...I SIMPLY CAN'T UNDER-  
STAND YOUR **EAGERNESS!**  
YOU NEVER SHOWED ANY  
INTEREST IN SCHOOL  
ACTIVITIES BEFORE!

MAYBE HE'S GOT  
A REASON **THIS**  
TIME!...**LOOK!**

...AND THE PROFESSOR  
BRINGS WITH HIM A SUNKIST  
SAMPLE OF BEAUTIFUL  
FEMALE SOUTH SEAS  
NATIVITY..."

**GET  
IT  
NOW?**



I GET IT, YOU  
...YOU **WOLF!**

B-BUT **ANGELPUSS**  
...DON'T LISTEN TO  
ZOOT! I...I **SWEAR**  
I DIDN'T KNOW! I...

THIS IS THE  
BITTER END  
...**FAREWELL!**  
COME, ZOOT!



PHONE YER HOUSE  
AN' CALL IT OFF!  
**THAT'LL SQUARE**  
YA WITH HER!

GEE, D'YA  
THINK  
SO?

...SO IT'S ALL OFF,  
MOM! **ANGELPUSS...**  
SHE...I...**HUH?**

I SAID I'M SORRY,  
COOKIE...**BUT YOUR**  
**FATHER IS AT THE**  
**STATION MEETING**  
**THEM RIGHT NOW!**



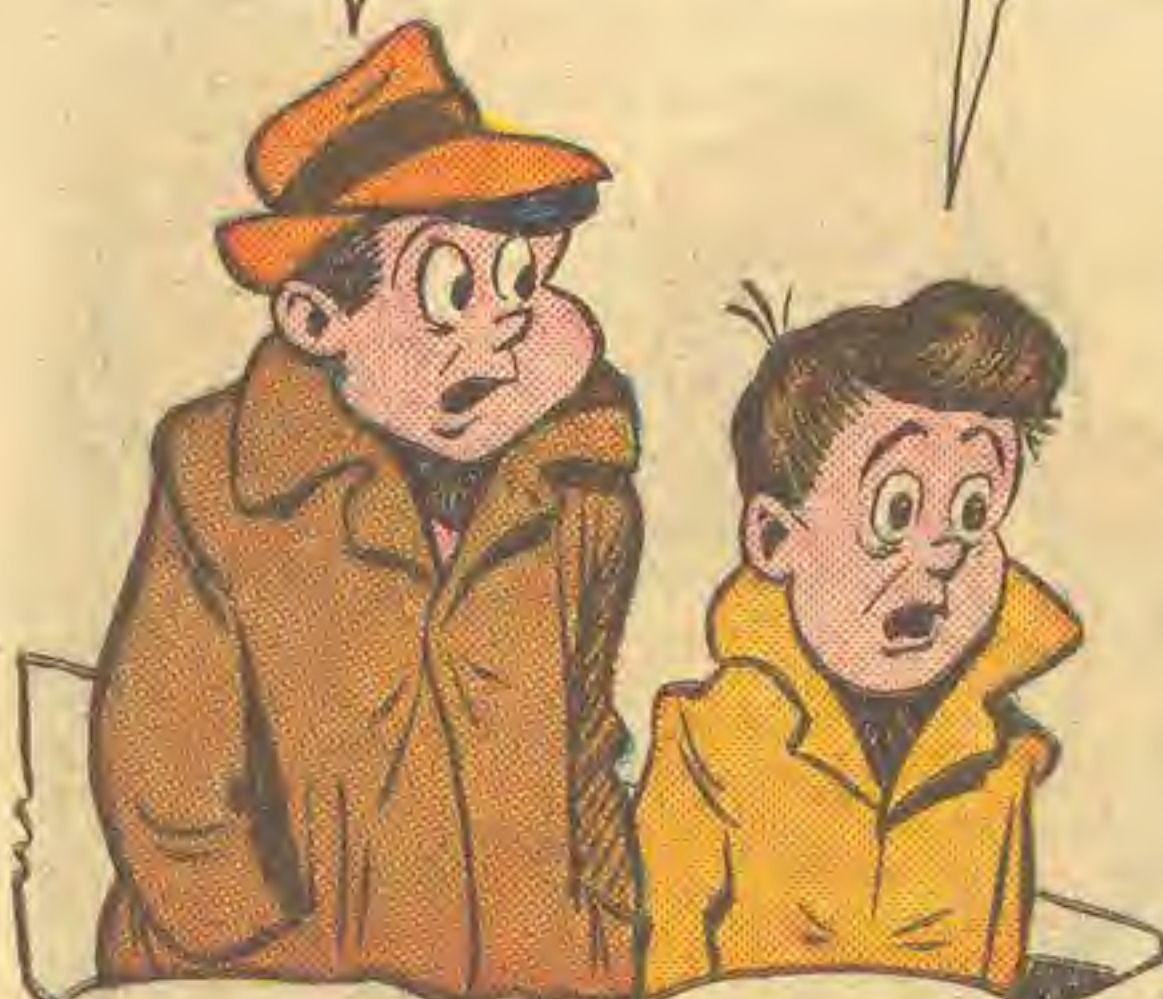


WOT IF IT TURNS  
OUT SHE IS A  
**HULA-HONEY...**  
WOT THEN?

I DUNNO, JIT! BUT  
HERE'S HOPIN' SHE'S  
A **NEW GUINEA**  
**GOON!**

THEN AGAIN, MAYBE  
THE TRAIN THAT WUZ  
BRINGIN' THEM GOT  
WRECKED, OR...

NO SUCH LUCK!  
**THERE'S POP**  
**WITH THE PROF**  
**NOW!**



YEAH, BUT  
NO BABE!  
**UNLESS...?**

A **BIRD**  
**CAGE!** WOT  
THE...?

CHEER UP, COOKIE!  
IF IT'S SOMETHIN'  
THEY GOTTA KEEP  
IN A **CAGE**...YA CAN  
BE **SURE** SHE AIN'T  
NO **HEDY LAMARR!**

OH, NO?  
THEN WOT'S  
**POP** ACTIN'  
SO HAPPY  
ABOUT?

YES, MR. O'TOOLE  
...A **VERY VALU-**  
**ABLE FIND!** THE  
ONLY ONE OF  
HER KIND...AND  
WORTH **MILLIONS**  
TO ME!



YEAH, BOY  
...I CAN  
**SEE THAT!**

UMMMM, YES...AND IN  
SPITE OF YOUR HOS-  
PITALITY, LET ME WARN  
YOU THAT WHILE SHE'S  
IN YOUR HOUSE, I HOLD  
**YOU** ENTIRELY RESPONSIBLE  
FOR ANYTHING WHICH MAY  
HAPPEN!

**WELL?**

ER...WELL...AH  
...I MEAN...ER...  
**WOWIE!**





ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT  
WHEN ANGELPUSS GETS  
A LOAD OF **HER**, YER A  
**COOKED COOKIE!**

ARE YOU  
KIDDIN'...  
**HEY!**

**LAY OFF, LEILANI!**  
THIS BOY FELLA ALREADY  
GOT BLONDE GIRL FELLA  
BELONG HIM!

**HOLY COW!** IT  
AIN'T BAD ENOUGH  
SHE'S A DOLL, BUT  
SHE **LIKES** ME  
YET!... **OH-  
HHH!**

HOLD IT, KID  
...WHILE JIT  
SACRIFICES  
HIMSELF ON  
THE ALTAR  
OF LOVE!

I TURN ON THE GLAMOR  
...SHE FALLS FOR ME...  
ANGELPUSS HEARS ABOUT  
IT... AN'... **HI, BABE!**

**OW!**



LIMMM...MAYBE WE  
COULD PUT A FAKE  
MOUSTACHE ON  
HER...OR HELP  
HER GROW  
WARTS...OR...

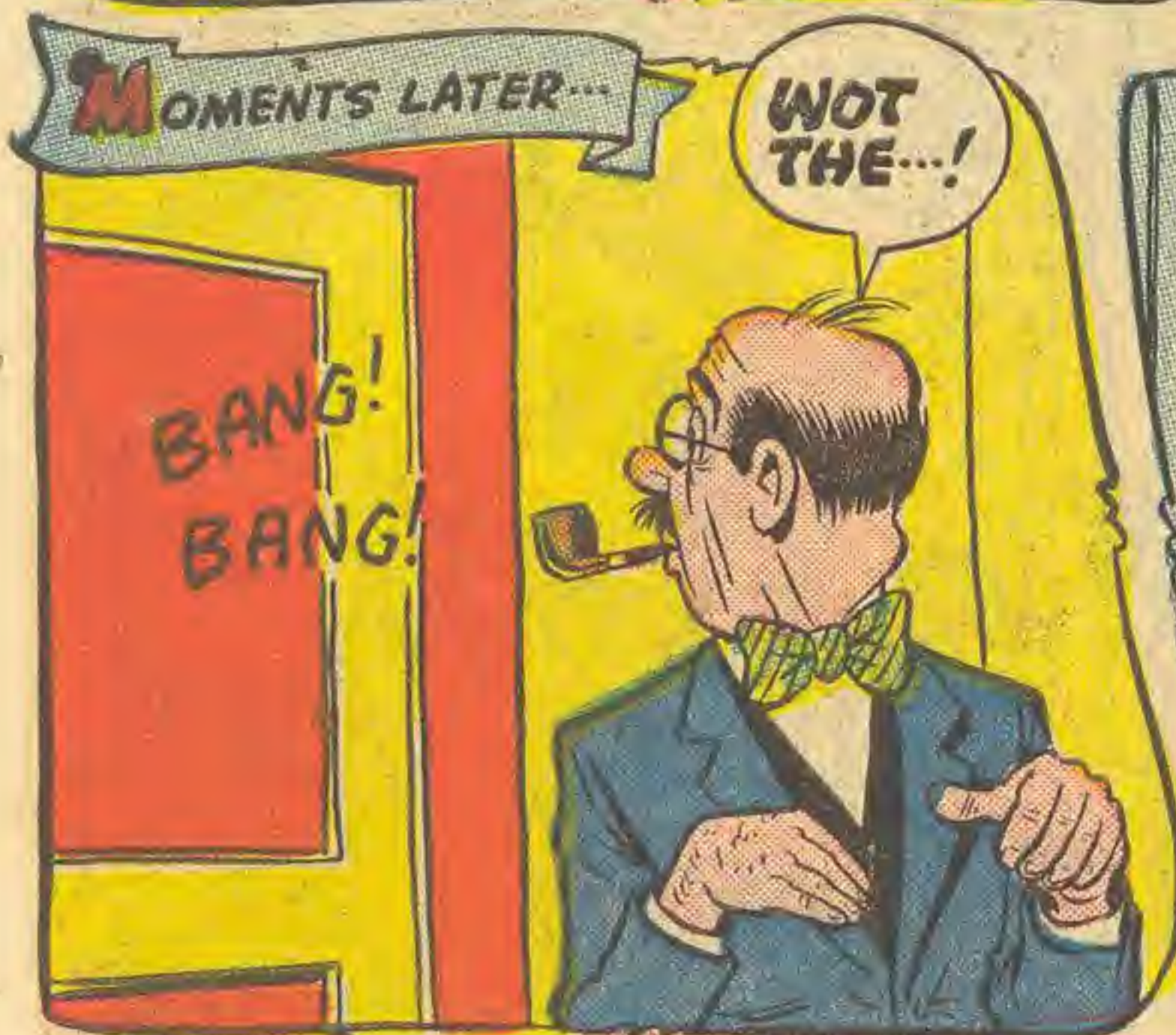
IT'S NO USE, JITTERBUCK  
...**I'M DOOMED!** WHEN  
ANGELPUSS SEES HER  
ON THE LECTURE PLAT-  
FORM TONIGHT, SHE'LL  
**NEVER BELIEVE** I  
DIDN'T PLAN THIS  
WHOLE THING  
DELIBERATELY!

I'M...**HEY!**  
WHY THE  
GLAD GLEAM  
IN YOUR  
EYE?

COOKIE, MY SON...  
ANGELPUSS ISN'T  
**GOING TO SEE HER**  
TONIGHT! BUT WOT SHE  
**WILL SEE** WILL LEAVE  
NO DOUBT AS TO YOUR  
INTENTIONS!...**C'MON!**  
**WE GOT WORK TO  
DO!**



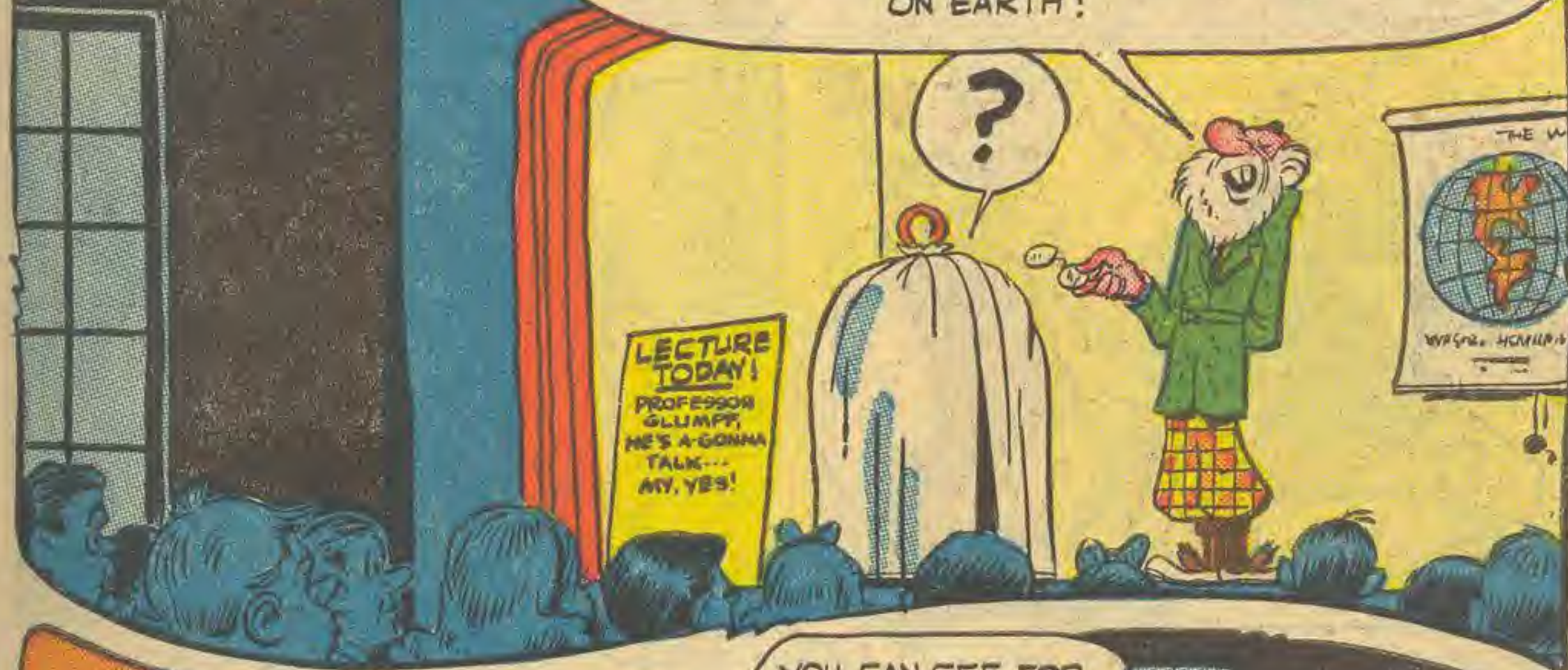






**IN THE MEANTIME  
"AT THE SCHOOL  
HALL"**

...AND SO I BEGGED THE CHIEF OF THESE ABORIGINES  
TO LEND ME ONE OF HIS SUBJECTS, SO THAT YOU HERE  
IN AMERICA MIGHT WITNESS FOR YOURSELVES THE  
REASONS I CLAIM THAT THIS IS THE RAREST TRIBE  
ON EARTH!



TELLY WELLY ICKY  
MICKY HULA HULA!



\*TRANSLATION: "STEP OUT, BABE!"

YOU CAN SEE FOR  
YOURSELVES THAT  
SHE IS BEAUTIFUL!

GOODNESS!

BEAUTIFUL!?  
HA-HA!

HO-  
HO!



ER...AH...AHEM... I... I  
GUESS THE TRIP  
DIDN'T AGREE WITH  
HER!



HOWEVER, WHAT I **REALLY** WANT TO  
SHOW YOU IS THAT IN SPITE OF HER  
FRAGILE APPEARANCE, THIS GIRL IS A  
GIBRALTAR OF STRENGTH AND FORTITUDE!  
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR MERE MAN TO CAUSE  
HER BODILY PAIN!... **WATCH!**







THERE! THAT DIDN'T HURT A BIT, DID IT?

OW!... WHY, YOU...



I MEAN...ER... ICKY WICKY HULA HULA PEACHIE HA HA!

OH, I'M **SUCH** A DOPE... GETTING JEALOUS OVER **THAT** SILLY-LOOKING THING! I'M GOING TO APOLOGIZE TO COOKIE RIGHT NOW!

ER... I'LL GO WITH YOU!

AND STRANGEST OF ALL, THESE CREATURES LIVE IN THE AIR, ON LAND OR UNDER WATER! **LOOK!**

YEAH, BUT CAN SHE **WRITE?**

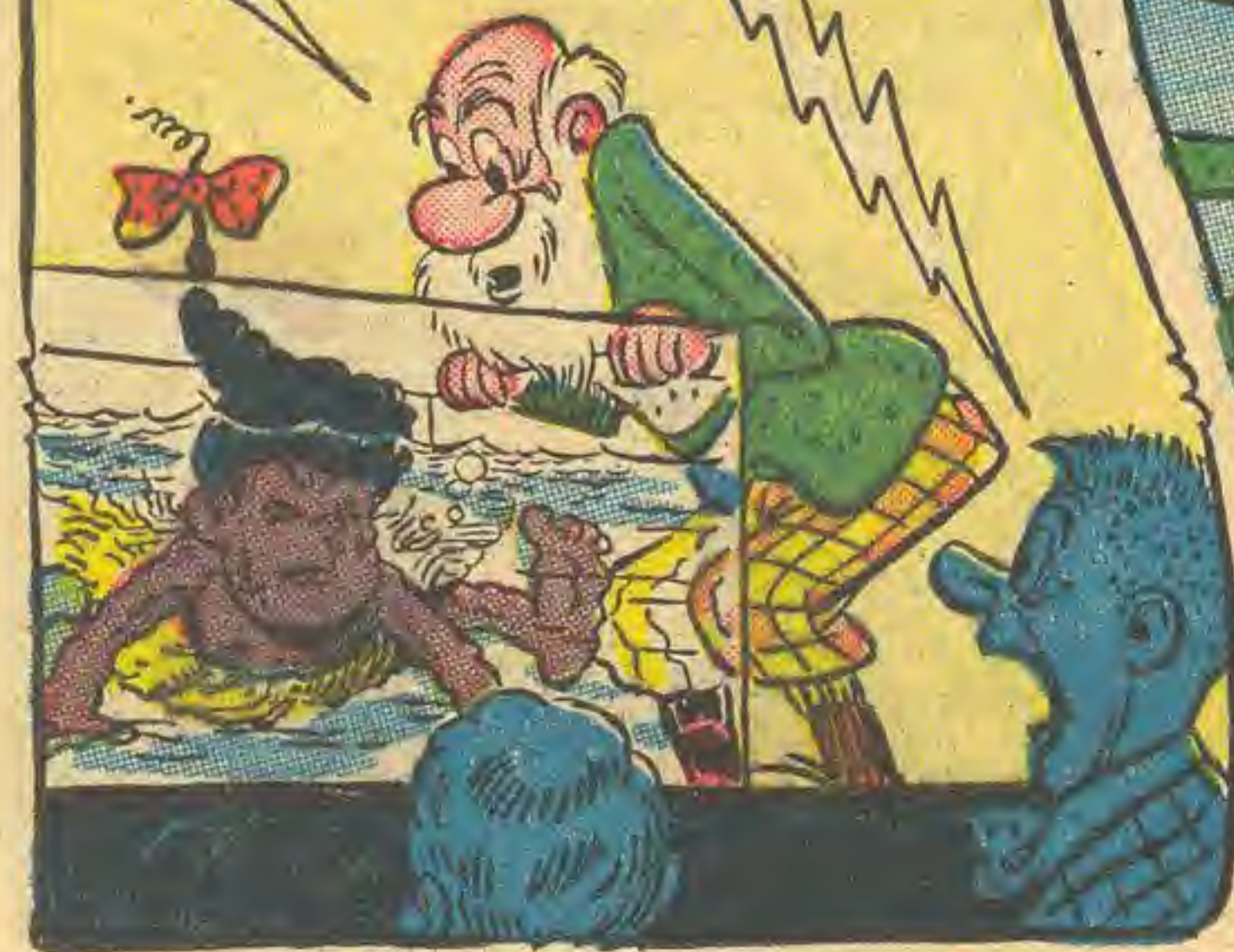
SH-HH!

WHAT?! HER COLOR'S RUNNING!

**IT'S A FAKE!**

STOP, YOU IMPOSTOR! WHERE'S MY LEILANI?

OH-HHH! WOT A RE-VOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT **THIS** IS!





MEANWHILE, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO POP SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG!

BEAT IT, YOU BRAZEN HUZZY!

GEE, MOM... YOU'RE A LIFESAVER!

HALP!  
MAW!

YESSIR, YOU CERTAINLY SAVED MY...

HEY, WAIT! THAT PROFESSOR GUY SAID HE'D HOLD ME RESPONSIBLE FOR HER... AND SHE'S WORTH MILLIONS!

HEY, CUTIE-PIE! OH, YOU KID!

DO ME BIG BLUE EYES DECEIVE ME, OR...

COME TO PAPA, MILLION-DOLLAR BABY!

SO IT'S A GAME OF TAG YER PLAYIN', EH? OKAY, BUB... YOU'RE IT! COME ALONG WITH ME!











WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! DO THE NEXT BEST THING!

YESSIR! I GET WOTCHA MEAN!



OKAY NOW, CHIEF ...YOU'RE IN THE CELL! BUT WOT ABOUT THEM?

WHO CARES? SEND 'EM HOME!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

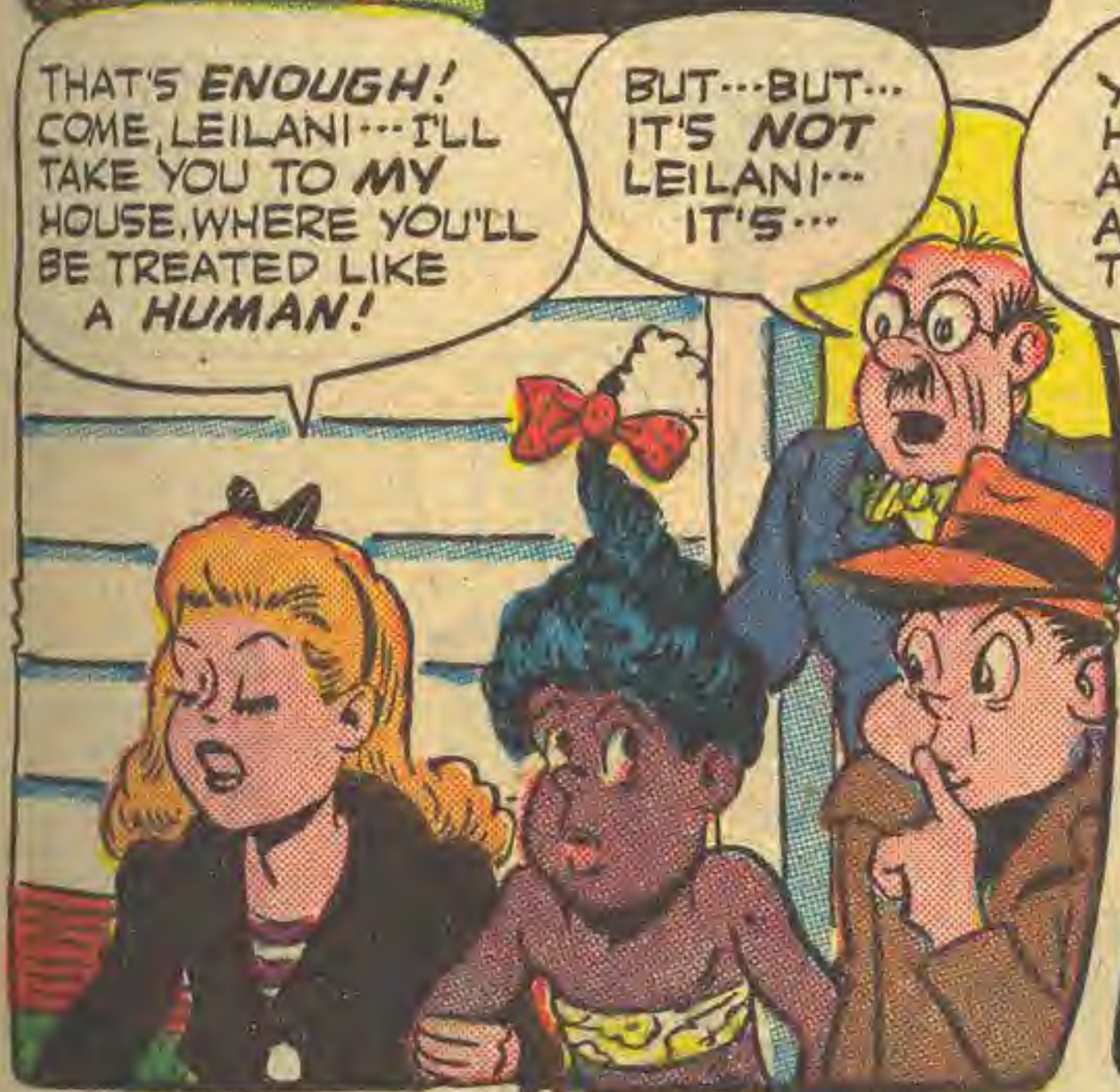
BUT COOKIE'S NOT HOME, ANGELPUSS!

OH! WELL, PLEASE TELL HIM I'M **TERRIBLY SORRY** FOR THE WAY I ACTED, AND...

YOU... YOU...

MR. O'TOOLE... HOW DARE YOU! THAT POOR NATIVE CHILD... YOU SHOULD BE **ASHAMED!**

BUT SHE ISN'T... I MEAN HE ...I...



THAT'S **ENOUGH!** COME, LEILANI... I'LL TAKE YOU TO MY HOUSE, WHERE YOU'LL BE TREATED LIKE A **HUMAN!**

BUT...BUT... IT'S **NOT** LEILANI... IT'S...

YOU TAKE CARE OF HER, JIT, WHILE I STOP AT ONE OF THE SHOPS AND GET HER SOME-THING WARM TO WEAR!

OH, **BROTHER!** WOT NOW, STUPID?

**SH-HHH!** I GRABBED SOME CLOTHES AT THE HOUSE!







OKAY NOW...  
LET'S SCRAM  
BEFORE SHE  
GETS BACK!

**ZOOT!**

YEAH, IT'S ME,  
PAL...AN' IF YOU  
THINK YOU CAN  
GET AWAY WITH  
THIS, YOU'RE...  
**HUH?**

OH,  
**ZOOT!**

I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I'VE JUST  
SPOKEN TO YOUR PARENTS...AND THEY  
WERE KIND ENOUGH TO OFFER THEIR  
HOME TO THE DEAR PROFESSOR  
AND HIS CHARMING COMPANION...  
AFTER THEIR UNFORTUNATE  
EXPERIENCE AT THE O'TOOLES!

**WHAT!** YOU M-MEAN  
THEY'RE COMIN' TO  
MY HOUSE, TEACHER?



I'M THINKIN', CHUM, THAT  
MAYBE IF YOU KEEP YER  
BIG MOUTH SHUT ABOUT  
COOKIE HERE, **WE** WON'T  
TELL ANGELPUSS ABOUT  
THAT CANNIBAL REALLY  
BEIN' A **DOLL!** OKAY?

YEAH! I  
GUESS SO!  
OKAY! LIKE  
YOU SAY!

**HELLO,  
EVERYBODY!**  
...WHERE'S  
LEILANI?

SHE'S...ER...THAT IS, THE  
PROF AN' HER ARE AT  
**ZOOT'S** HOUSE! RIGHT,  
ZOOT?

YEAH...  
IMAGINE  
THAT!



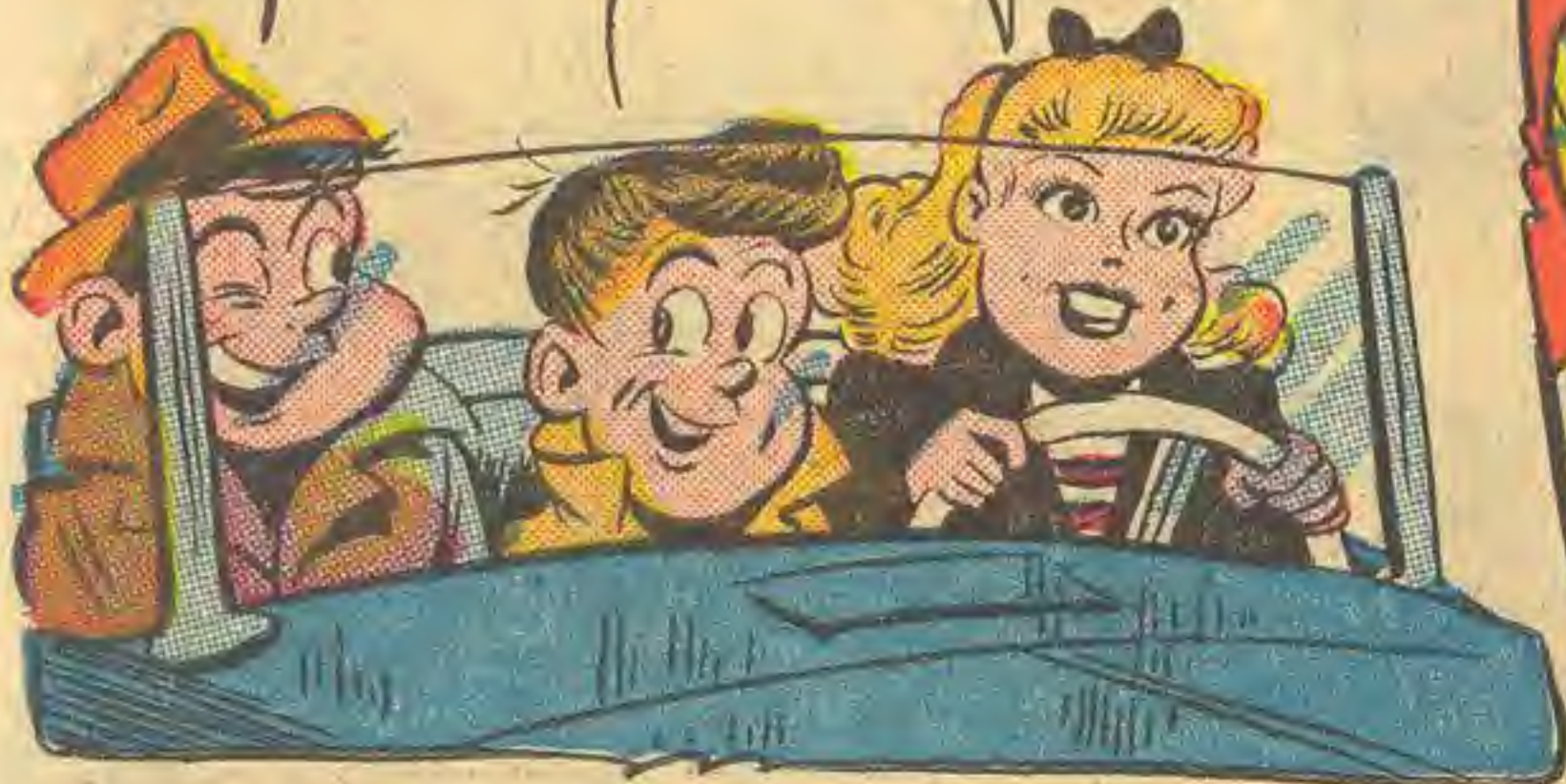
I CAN'T IMAGINE  
WOT MADE ZOOT  
RUN OFF SO  
FAST, CAN YOU,  
COOKIE?

ER...  
**NO!**

COOKIE, I'VE BEEN  
WANTING TO TELL  
YOU HOW **STUPID**  
I WAS TO BE JEALOUS  
OF THAT GIRL! POOR  
THING... **SHE WAS  
REALLY QUITE  
UGLY!**

**LATER...**

...AN' THANK YOU VERY  
MUCH FOR MAKIN' ME  
FUNNY-LOOKIN' LIKE MY  
FATHER...AN' NOT PRETTY  
LIKE VAN JOHNSON!



**The  
END!**





DEBBIE, YOUR MOTHER'S LEFT FOR THE RAILROAD STATION TO MEET AUNT MILLIE! I'M GOING UPSTAIRS NOW... YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS HAVE A NICE TIME!



THANKS, DAD! GOOD NIGHT!





OH, DAD, I'M **SORRY**...  
I **SMEARED** MY **LIPSTICK**  
ON YOUR **CHEEK**!



OH, **THAT'S**  
ALL **RIGHT**,  
**PET!**...**GOOD-**  
**NIGHT**, **EVERYBODY!**



NOW **THAT** **DAD'S** **UPSTAIRS**,  
**HOW'S** **ABOUT** **A** **FAST**  
**GAME** **OF** **POST** **OFFICE**,  
**GANG?**



**POST** **OFFICE!**  
**WOW!** **SOLID!**

**HUBBA-**  
**HUBBA!**



**WE'LL** **USE** **THE** **PANTRY** **AS** **THE** **POST**  
**OFFICE!** **YOU** **START** **THINGS** **OFF**,  
**PICKLES!**



**ZOWIE!** I **FEEL** **A**  
**SPECIAL** **DELIVERY**  
**COMIN' ON**, **DEBBIE!**



**MEANWHILE...OUTSIDE...**

**WE'LL** **GO** **IN** **THE** **BACK** **WAY**, **AUNT**  
**MILLIE!** **DEBBIE'S**  
**HAVING** **SOME** **OF** **HER**  
**FRIENDS** **IN** **FOR** **A**  
**PARTY!**



GET SOME COKE OUT  
OF THE PANTRY, AUNTIE!  
IT'LL HIT THE SPOT  
AFTER YOUR TRIP!



MY! IT'S AWFULLY DARK  
IN HERE! WHERE'S THE  
LIGHT?



AH-H! HERE  
COMES,  
DEBBIE!



JEEPERS, THAT KISS DIDN'T COME  
FROM DEBBIE... IT WAS MORE LIKE  
THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE! I'M  
GETTING OUT OF HERE!







AUNT MILLIE! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

SOMEONE P-PLANTED A K-KISS ON ME IN THERE!

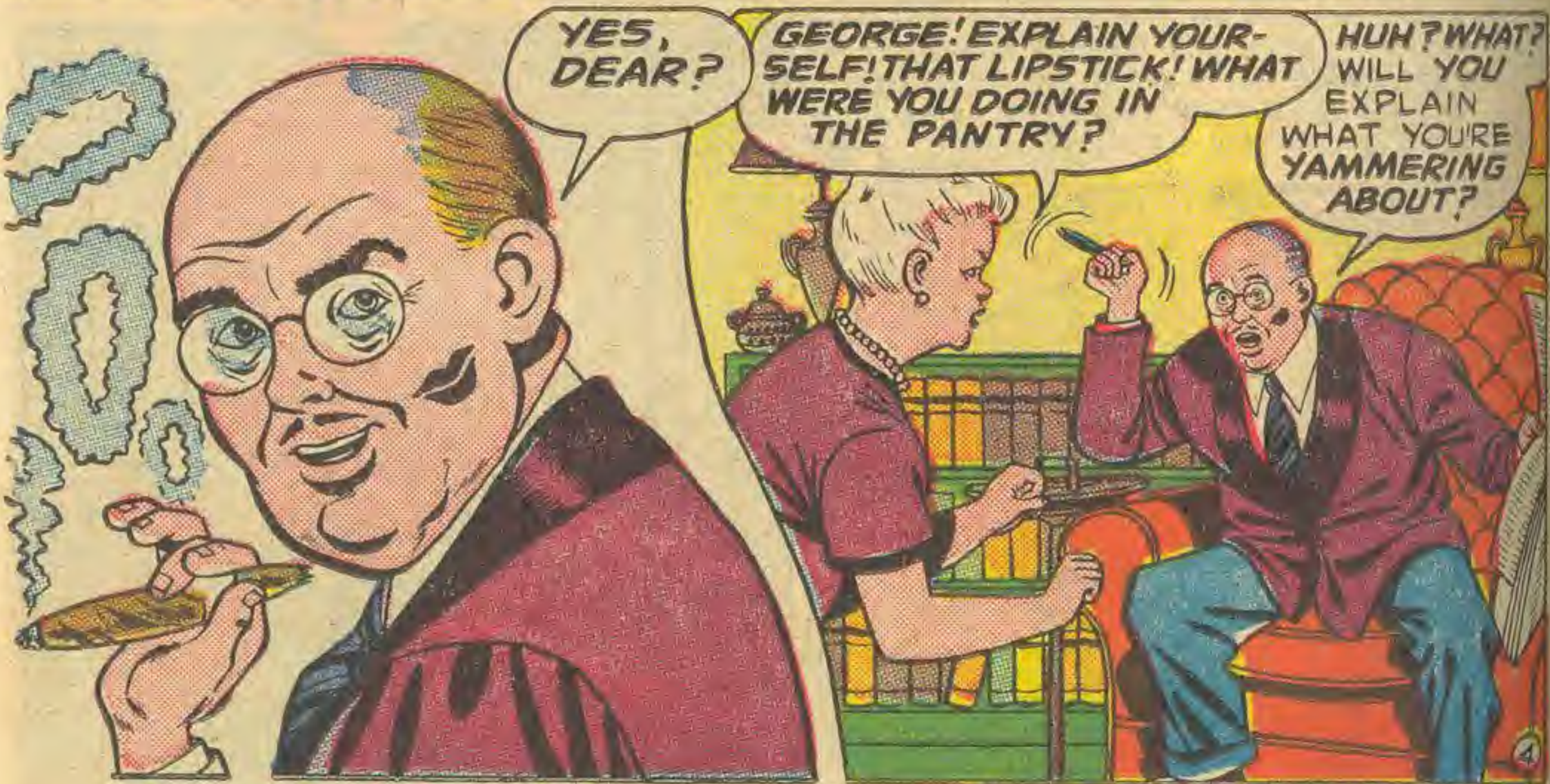
BUT YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN! THERE'S NO ONE IN HERE!

LOOK! THE WINDOW'S OPEN! WHOEVER WAS HERE GOT AWAY!



THIS IS DREADFUL...I'LL GET GEORGE! HE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

GEORGE, COME QUICK! SOMEONE...GEORGE!



YES, DEAR?

GEORGE! EXPLAIN YOURSELF! THAT LIPSTICK! WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THE PANTRY?

HUH? WHAT? WILL YOU EXPLAIN WHAT YOU'RE YAMMERING ABOUT?



MEANWHILE...  
DOWNSTAIRS!

PICKLES! WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING IN *HERE*? I WAS  
JUST ON MY WAY TO THE  
PANTRY!

DEBBIE, SOME-  
THING WENT *WRONG*  
WITH THAT LAST  
LETTER!...

WELL, GET BACK IN THE PANTRY AND  
STOP HORSING AROUND,  
WILL YOU?



OKAY...OKAY!  
I'M GOING!

THAT CERTAINLY  
WAS *ODD*! I SIMPLY  
WALKED INTO THE  
PANTRY LIKE THIS...



THAT'S ALL, KIDS...I'M FINISHED! CRAZY  
THINGS ARE GOING ON IN THAT PANTRY  
...AND TWICE IS ENOUGH FOR  
ME!







WELL, KEWPIE,  
YOU GO OUT!

OKAY, DEBBIE...THERE'S  
NOTHING WRONG WITH MY  
KISSES! WHEN I KISS A  
FELLOW, HE'S KISSED...  
BUT GOOD!



I'M TELLING YOU, DEAR, I KNOW NOTHING  
ABOUT THIS SILLY STORY OF YOURS!  
BUT I'LL LOOK IN THE PANTRY IF  
IT'LL SATISFY YOU!

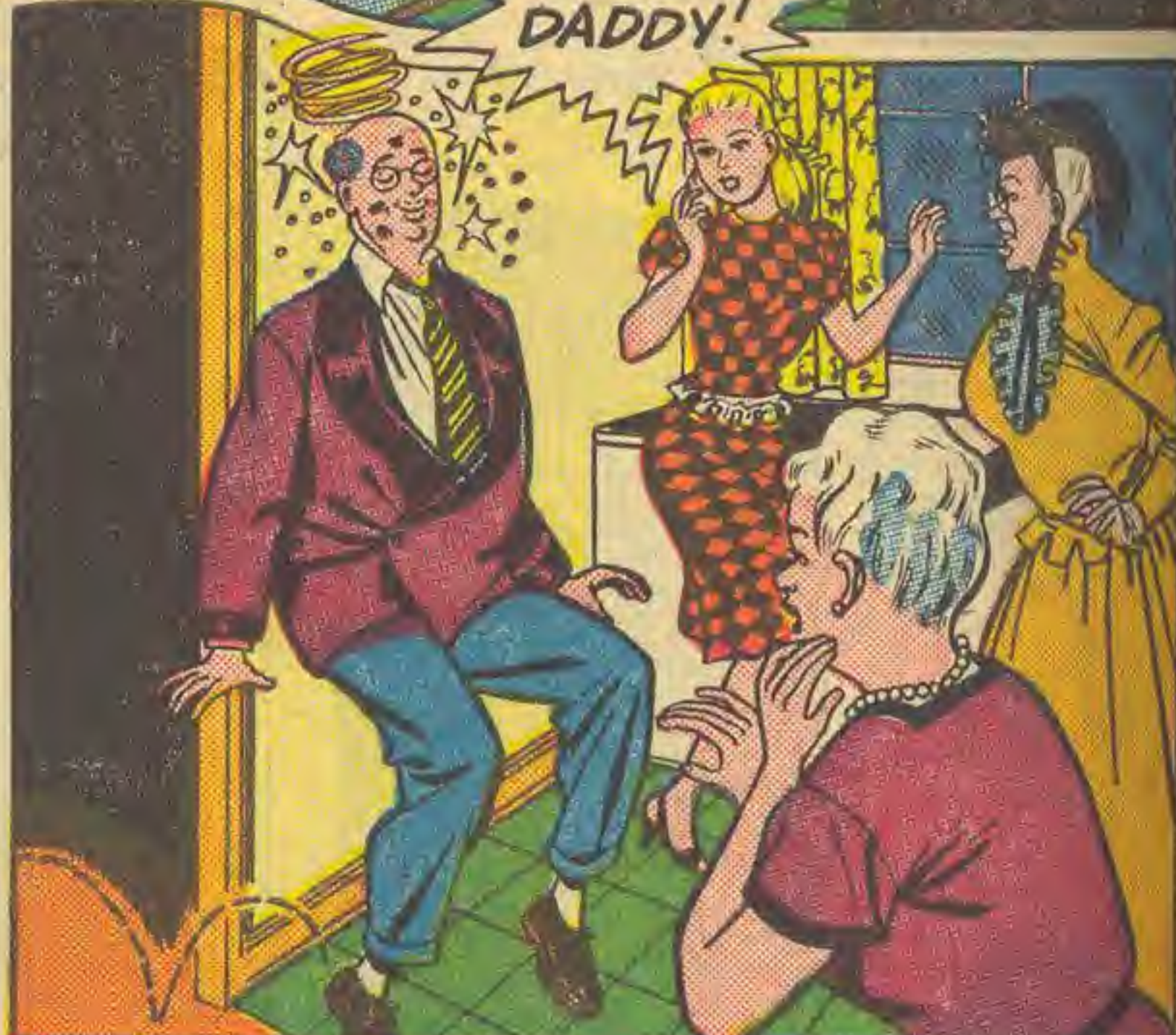


BOINGGG

SMACK! RING!

TILT

DING!  
DONG!



DADDY!

GEORGE, THE JOKE SEEMS TO BE  
ON US! DEBBIE AND HER FRIENDS  
HAVE BEEN PLAYING KISSING  
GAMES!



?

KISSING GAMES?  
NOW SEE HERE,  
DEBBIE...

YOU SEE HERE, GEORGE!  
I REMEMBER YOU AS A BOY,  
YOU WERE PRETTY EAGER  
AT BUNNY-HUGGING AND  
SPIN THE BOTTLE!



... AND  
THAT'S  
THAT,  
FOLKS!

MORE FUN  
WITH DEBBIE...  
NEXT ISSUE!



by ALHARTLEY.

IS THE LADY OF  
THE HOUSE IN?

WANT I HAVE  
THE NEXT  
DANCE

HE PARKED, SAID WE WERE  
OUT OF GAS AND THEN WALKED  
OFF TO **LOOK FOR A GAS  
STATION!**

WHY DON'T YOU  
SETTLE DOWN, JOE?  
YOU'RE TURNING INTO  
A **REGULAR PLAY-  
BOY!**

[illegible]



# That **NEW** LOOK

"I tell ya I won't *stand* for it!" Cookie pounded the table so hard that the double malts shook in their glasses.

"I *think* they're kinda cute!" Jitterbuck said stubbornly.

"Cute! What's *cute* about 'em?" demanded Cookie. "The girls look like potato-sacks! Skirts all the way down ta here, phooey!" Cookie indicated a spot about a half-inch above his own knobby ankle.

"An' them *bustles*!" At this point, Cookie's anger knew no bounds. "It's plain murder! Imagine takin' a slick little chick like Angelpuss Witherspoon, puttin' her in grandma's dress, coverin' her up with shrubbery an' callin' it *stylish*! I still say . . . phooey!"

"An' I still say I think they're kinda cute!" Jit insisted.

"Well, lemme tell you one thing, Jit," Cookie said decisively. "I'm gonna put my foot down. No girl of *mine* is gonna get away with wearin' those oversized tents. Nosirree! Just let 'em stick to the good ol' 'sweater and skirt. That's for *me*!"

"Y'don't say!" Jit remarked. "And what'll ya do about it if say, f'rinstance, Miss Angelpuss Witherspoon *likes* the new styles?"

"I won't say *anything*! I'll just cross her name off my list! An' that reminds me," Cookie interrupted himself, "that I have a date with the fair Angel as of an hour from now. Meet'cha near the juke box!"

"Right," said Jit, returning to his double malt. He watched Cookie stride manfully out of the Soda Jerkerie, slamming the door

behind him. Through the broad glass window, he could see Cookie cross the street and walk purposefully towards the Witherspoon house.

"This," said Jitterbuck, settling back and calling for another double malt, "is gonna be good!"

As the hour sped by, Jit called greetings to the crowd as they came into the Soda Jerkerie. "Stick around, gang," he kept advising, "'cause I've got a hunch about he-man O'Toole!"

"Who at this very moment is approaching!" announced the Brain, pointing to the door.

A hush fell over the crowd as Angelpuss Witherspoon entered the Soda Jerkerie. She wore an almost ankle-length ballerina skirt, a Gibson Girl blouse with very full puffed sleeves and a pair of high-heeled slippers with criss-cross ankle straps.

Behind her, looking very meek and subdued, came Cookie O'Toole, his eyes fixed worshipfully on the love of his life. He didn't even seem to notice it when the gang, led by Jitterbuck, burst into one loud horse-laugh!

"Hey, Cookie," called Jit, "when are ya crossin' Angel off yer list?"

"Shut up, Jit," Cookie whispered earnestly. "I'm lucky she doesn't cross me off her list! Coke, Angel?"

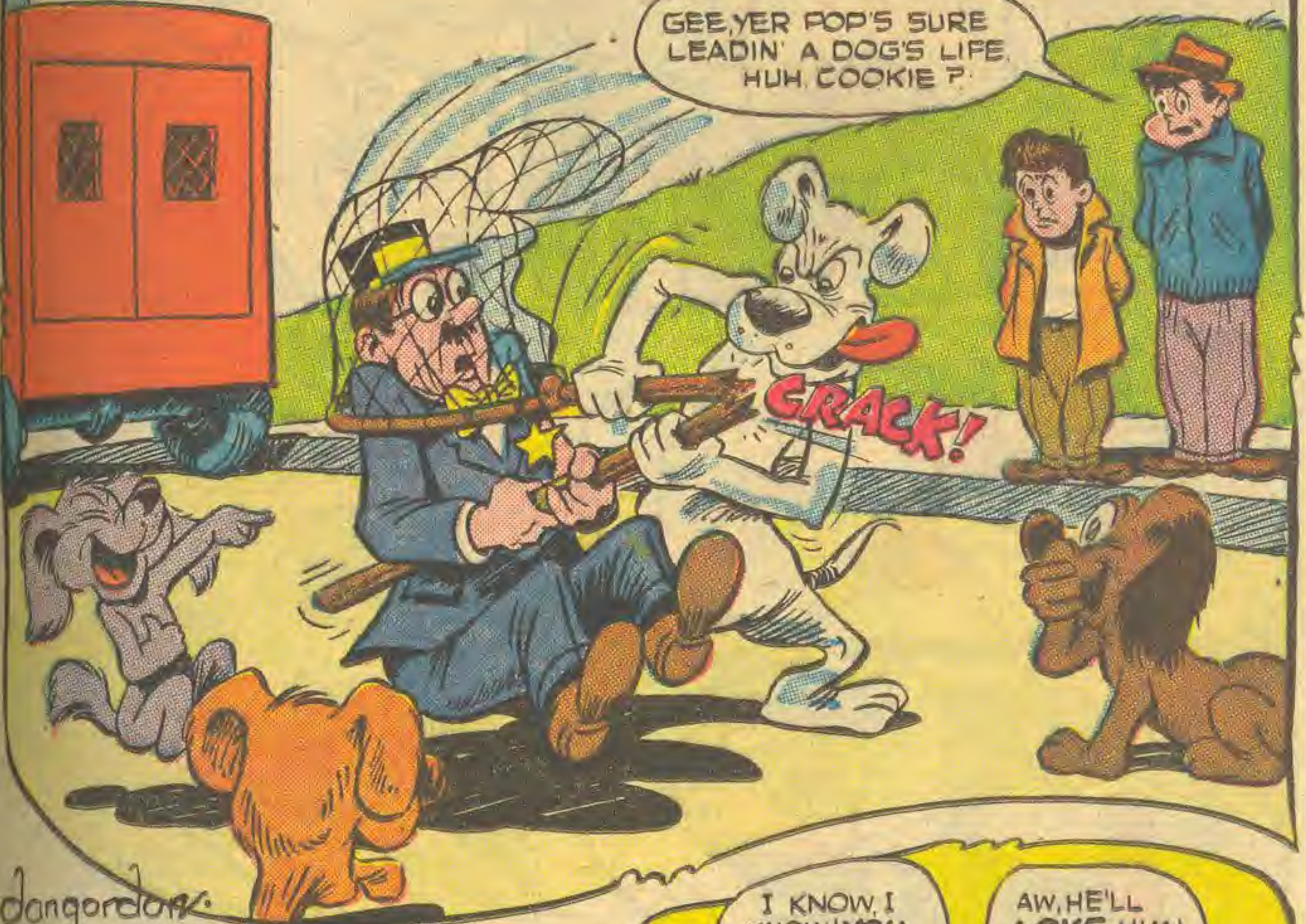
Angelpuss Witherspoon nodded. "Make it a sundae, Cookie," she said and smiled. It was a funny thing about Miss Witherspoon, Jit thought.

She looked as though she had just *won* a fight!



# "COOKIE"

GEE, YER POP'S SURE  
LEADIN' A DOG'S LIFE.  
HUH, COOKIE?



dangordon

HOLY SOX, COOK  
WHERE'D YA GET  
THE **DRAGON**?

YA WOULDN'T BELIEVE  
IT, JITTERBUCK, BUT  
SOME SQUARE COMES  
UP TO ME AN' SEZ, "HEY,  
KID! YA WANNA DOG?"  
-AN' WELL, YOU KNOW  
HOW I FEEL ABOUT  
**DOGS**

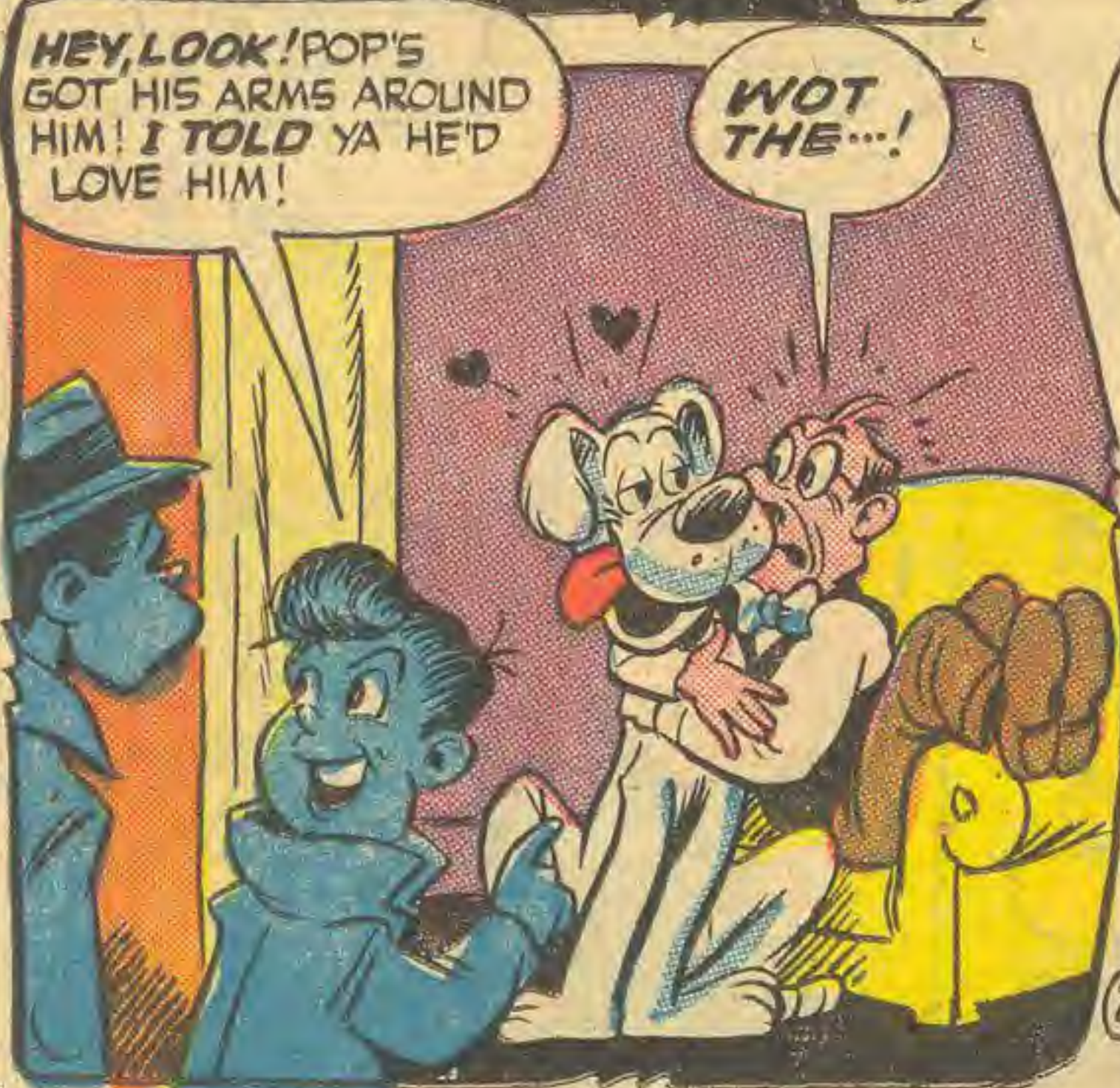
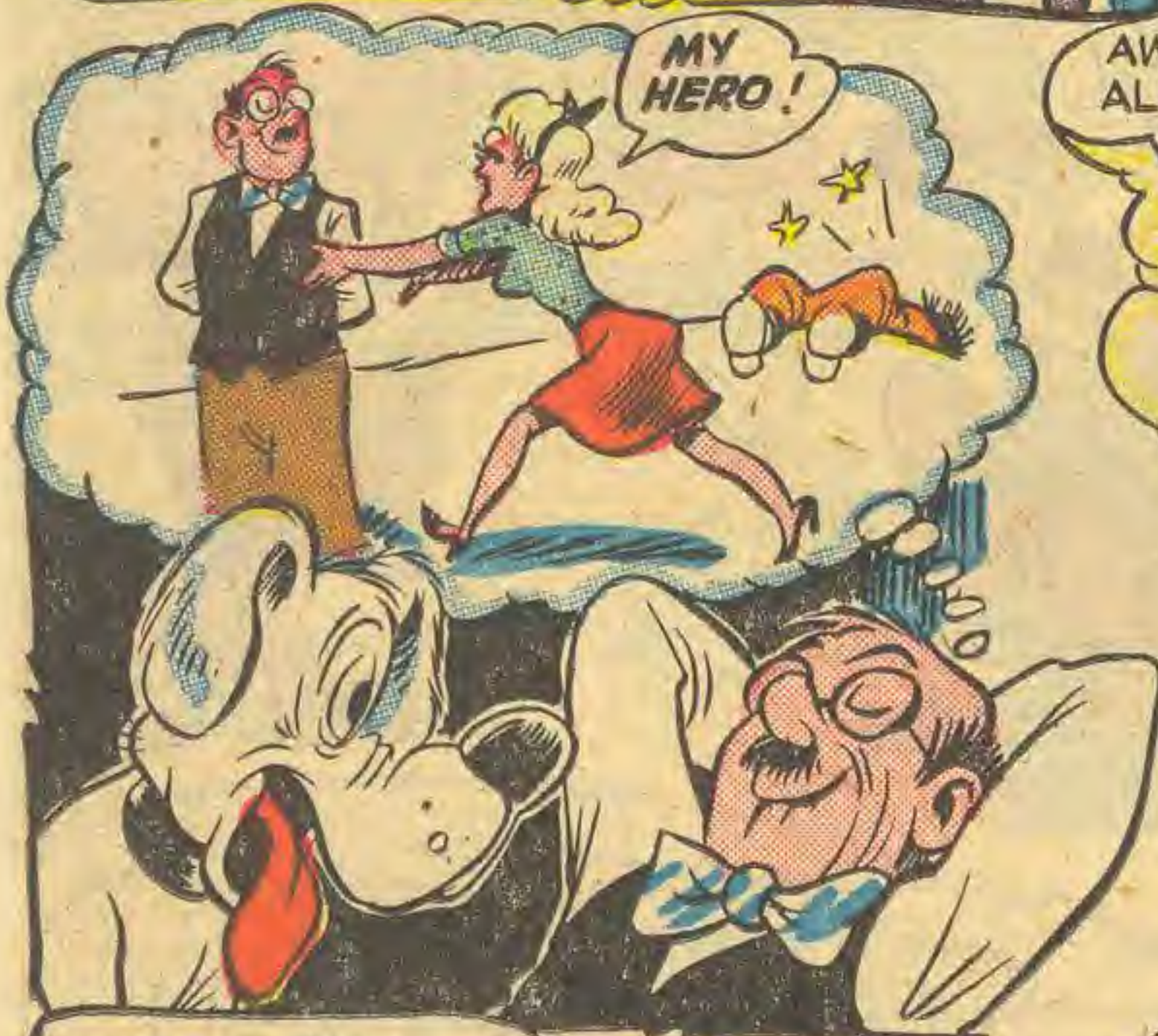
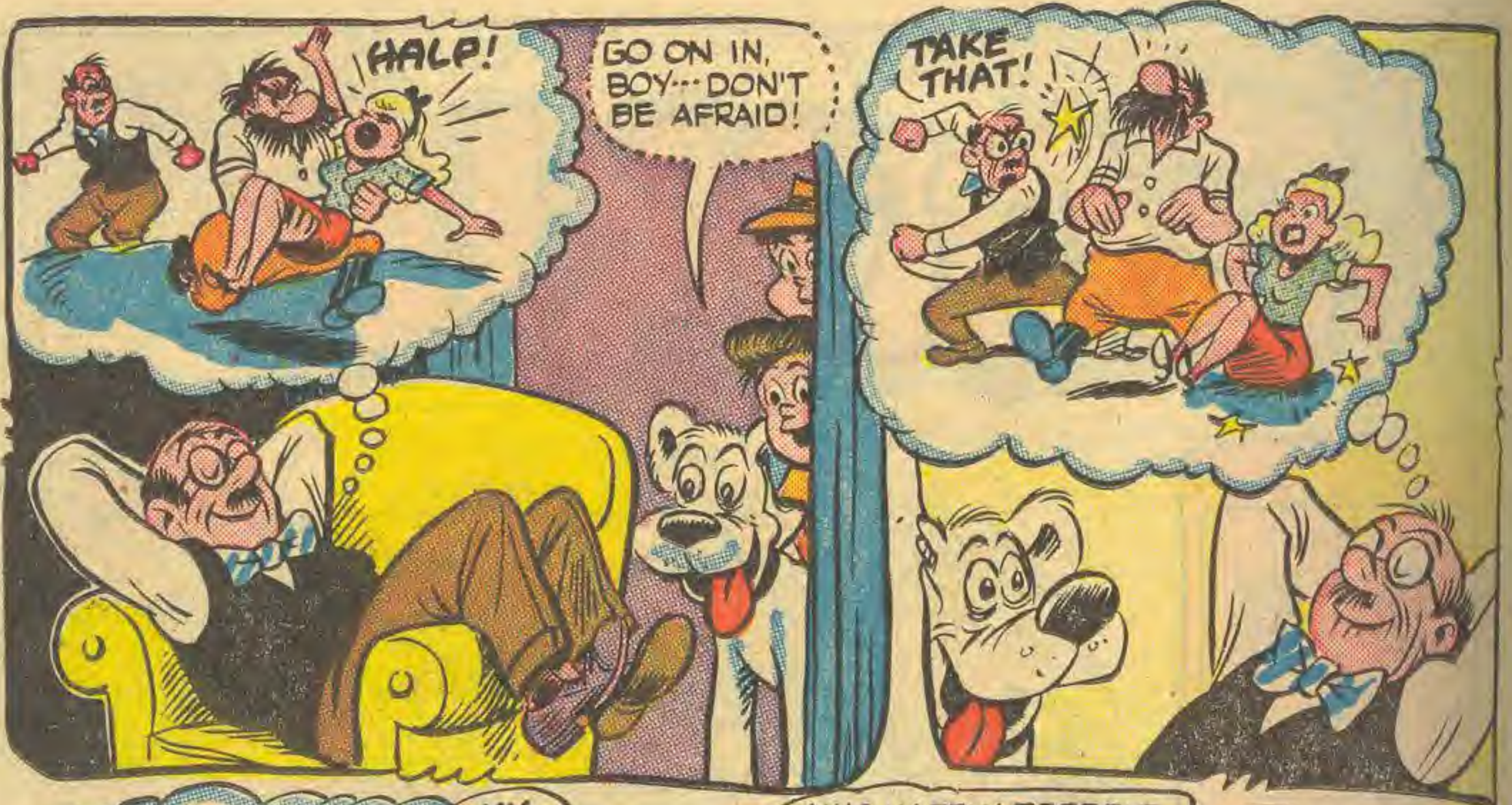
I KNOW, I  
KNOW! YOU  
SAID **YES**...  
BUT WOT'S  
YER **POP**  
GONNA  
SAY?  
**HEY!**

AW, HE'LL  
**LOVE** HIM!  
-COME ON,  
JUMBO!

**SLURP!**

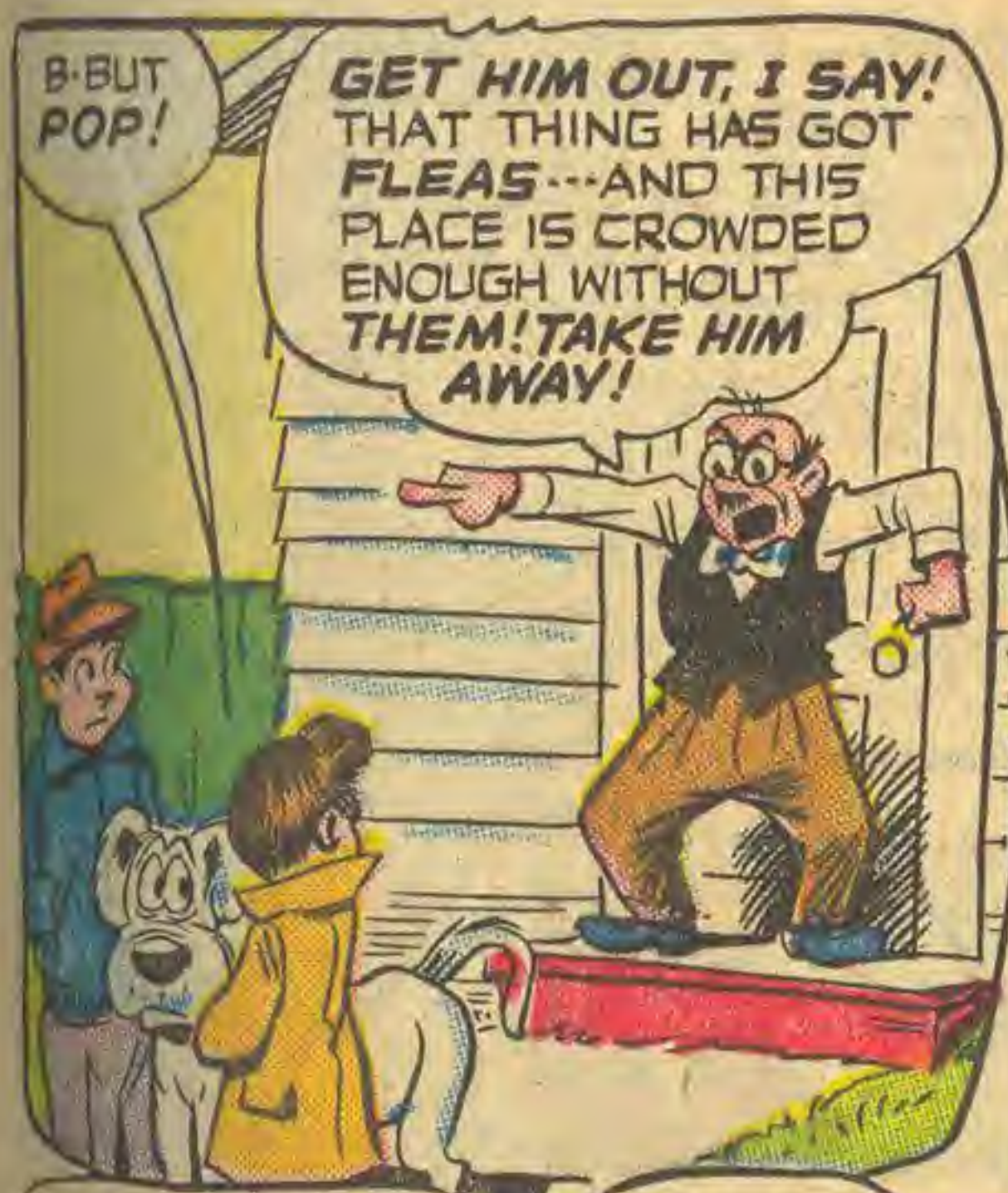






OH-OH! DON'T LOOK NOW, COOKIE... BUT LOVE HAS TURNED COLD!





B-BUT POP!

GET HIM OUT, I SAY! THAT THING HAS GOT FLEAS...AND THIS PLACE IS CROWDED ENOUGH WITHOUT THEM! TAKE HIM AWAY!



HELLO, O'TOOLE ... YOU OLD MEANIE!

TELL HIM GOOD, DADDY!

HUH?

SURE YOU CAN HAVE HIM, JIT! THAT WAY I'LL AT LEAST SEE HIM ONCE IN A WHILE!



DON'T YOU THINK YOU WERE A BIT HARSH, O'TOOLE? DIDN'T YOU EVER HAVE A PET?

WHO, ME? WHY, NO... THAT IS...



YOU DID TOO, POP! YOUR MOTHER TOLD ME ABOUT THE THINGS YOU USED TO BRING HOME... LIZARDS... SNAKES... TWO-HEADED CATERpillARS...

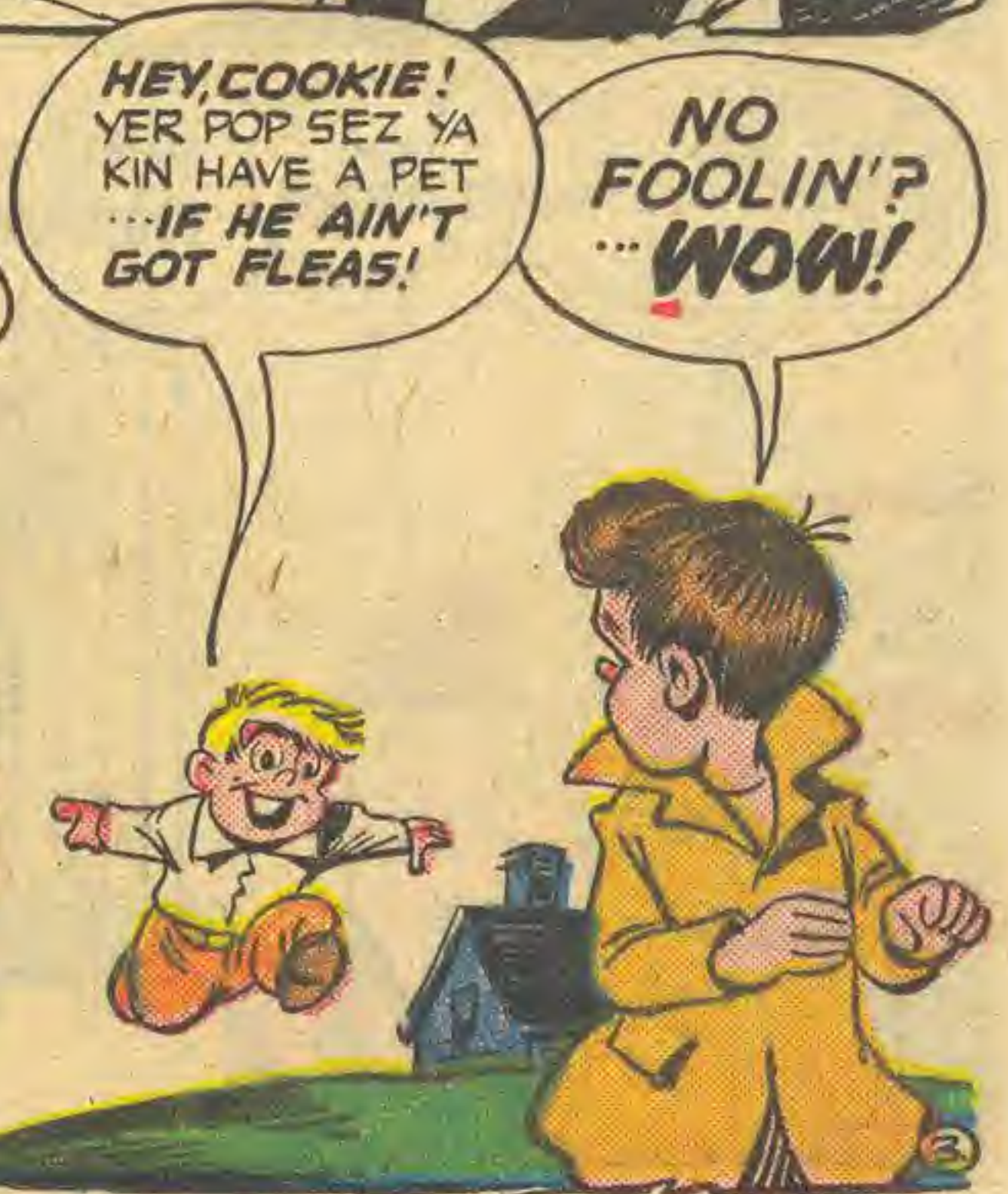
WELL, ER... THAT IS...



YES, OF COURSE... THINGS LIKE THOSE! BUT THEY DON'T HAVE FLEAS!

SO IT'S ONLY THE FLEAS YOU OBJECT TO, HUH? NOT PETS!

THAT'S DIFFERENT!



HEY, COOKIE! YER POP SEZ YA KIN HAVE A PET ...IF HE AIN'T GOT FLEAS!

NO FOOLIN'? ... **WOW!**





HEY, JIT  
...COME  
BACK!

Later...

WHAT A CAD I AM! TO THINK  
I COULD BE SO CRUEL TO MY  
OWN SON! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE  
IT UP **SOME** WAY!



I'VE  
GOT  
IT!



HELLO...PET  
SHOP?...DO  
YOU HAVE  
**DOGS?**

YOU WERE  
EXPECTING  
MAYBE **DINOSAURS?**  
**SURE** WE HAVE  
DOGS...ONE  
LEFT!



ER...HAS  
HE GOT  
**FLEAS?**

MISTER, DIS  
DOG WOULDN'T  
**ASSOCIATE** WITH  
A FLEA! HE'S A  
**THOROUGHBREED**  
YET!



OKAY...HOLD HIM FOR  
ME! I'LL PICK HIM UP  
ON MY WAY HOME!

OH,  
WHAT A  
**CUTE** PET!  
...HOW  
MUCH?



I'M SORRY, LADY! DIS  
DOG, IT WAS JUST  
ORDERED...AND MORE  
I AIN'T GOT!

OH,  
DEAR!

HI,  
BEAUTIFUL!  
**AWRRRK!**

A PARROT!  
UMMMM...YOU  
DON'T HAVE  
FLEAS, DO  
YOU?

IS THAT...  
**AWRRRK!**  
...NICE,  
LADY?

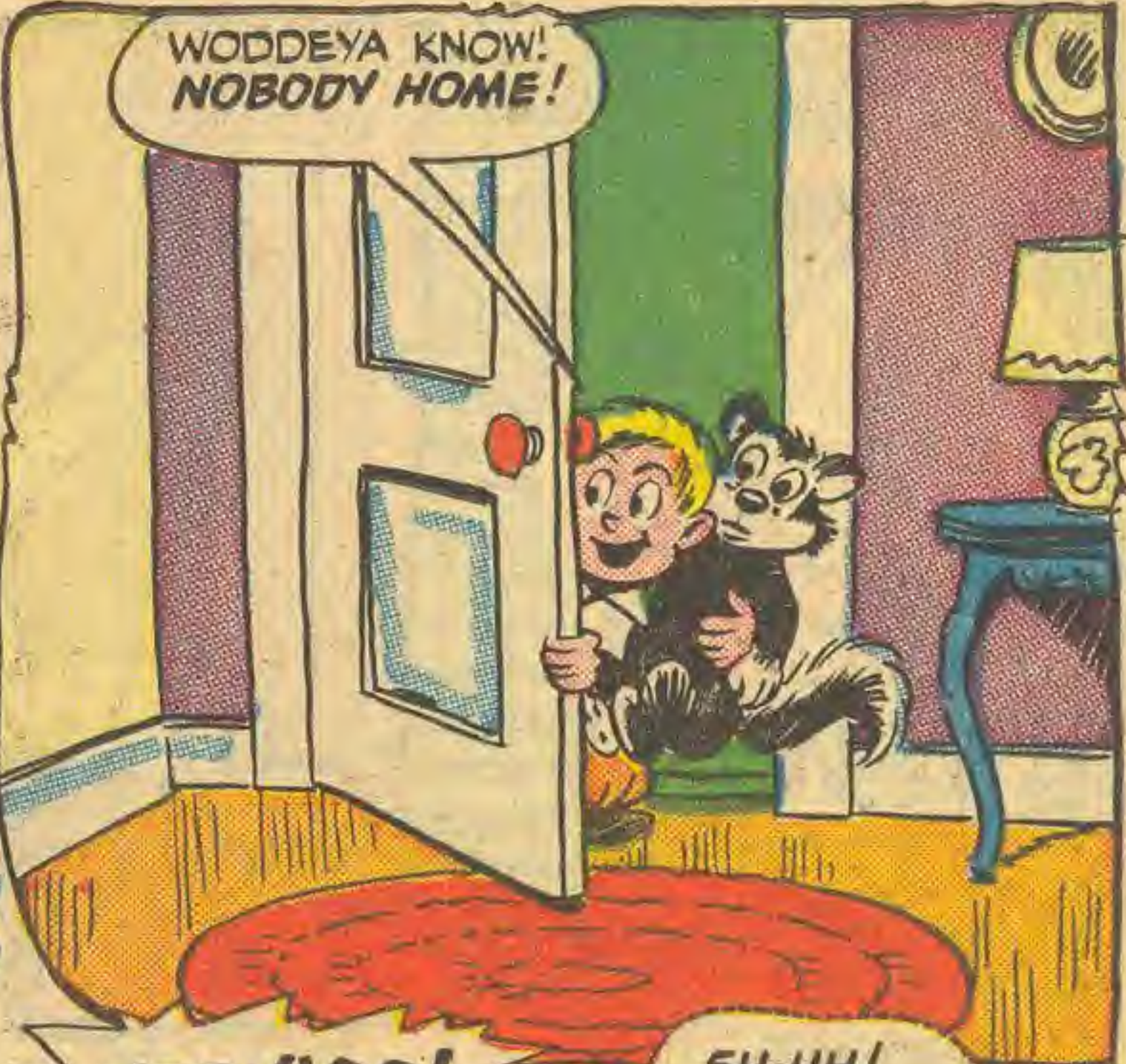
NO  
FLEAS!  
AND HIM  
I COULD  
LET YOU  
HAVE **CHEAP**,  
MA'AM!





**IN THE MEANTIME...**

COOKIE'LL LOVE THIS CAT I FOUND IN THE WOODS! N' NO FLEAS EITHER, MAYBE... I HOPE!



WODDEYA KNOW!  
NOBODY HOME!

C'MON, PUSSY...  
WE'LL HIDE IN THE CLOSET AN' SURPRISE  
COOKIE WHEN HE COMES HOME!



YOO-HOO!  
ANYBODY HOME?

SH-HH!  
THAT'S HIS MOM NOW!



WELL, NOW... THERE  
WE ARE!... POLLY  
WANT A CRACKER?

PLEASE, GORGEOUS  
...LEAVE US NOT BE  
CORNY! POLLY'LL  
TAKE A PORK  
CHOP!



HEY, MOM... LOOK!  
I GOT COOKIE A  
DOG!... ULP!  
WHAT'S THAT?

A PARROT  
...AND IS HE  
SMART!



YOU  
SAID IT,  
KID!



HEY, POP...LOOK!  
I GOT...**ULP!**  
WOT'S THAT?

**GET THAT FLEA  
BAG OFF THE  
PREMISES...  
QUICK!**

BUT POP! JIT AN!  
I GAVE HIM A FLEA  
BATH...AN' **D.D.T.**...  
AN'...

**D.D.T. ...W.C.T.U.  
...W.P.A. ...WHAT'S  
THE DIFFERENCE?  
OUT, I SAY...AND  
P.D.Q.!**

WE DON'T WANT THIS  
THOROUGHBERED TO BE  
CONTAMINATED BY  
THAT HOUND... DOES  
WE, POPPA'S 'ITTLE  
POOCHY?

THAT DROOL  
MAKES ME SICK!  
...GO GET 'IM,  
**BIG BOY...**  
**SIC 'IM!**

**GR-RRRR!  
ARROOFF!  
WOOF!**

**WOOF YOURSELF!  
ER...I MEAN...DON'T  
DARE BARK AT  
ME!**

**YOU HEARD  
ME, GARGANTUA!  
SIC 'IM! SIC  
'IM!**

**GRRR-RROOFFF!**





THIS IS TERRIBLE!

I'M GOING TO CALL THE S.P.C.A. AT ONCE!

WOOF!

OW!

...YES, AND HE'S EVEN URGING THE POOR DOGS TO FIGHT! IT'S TERRIF... I MEAN, IT'S AWFUL!

OKAY, OKAY! WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER, LADY!

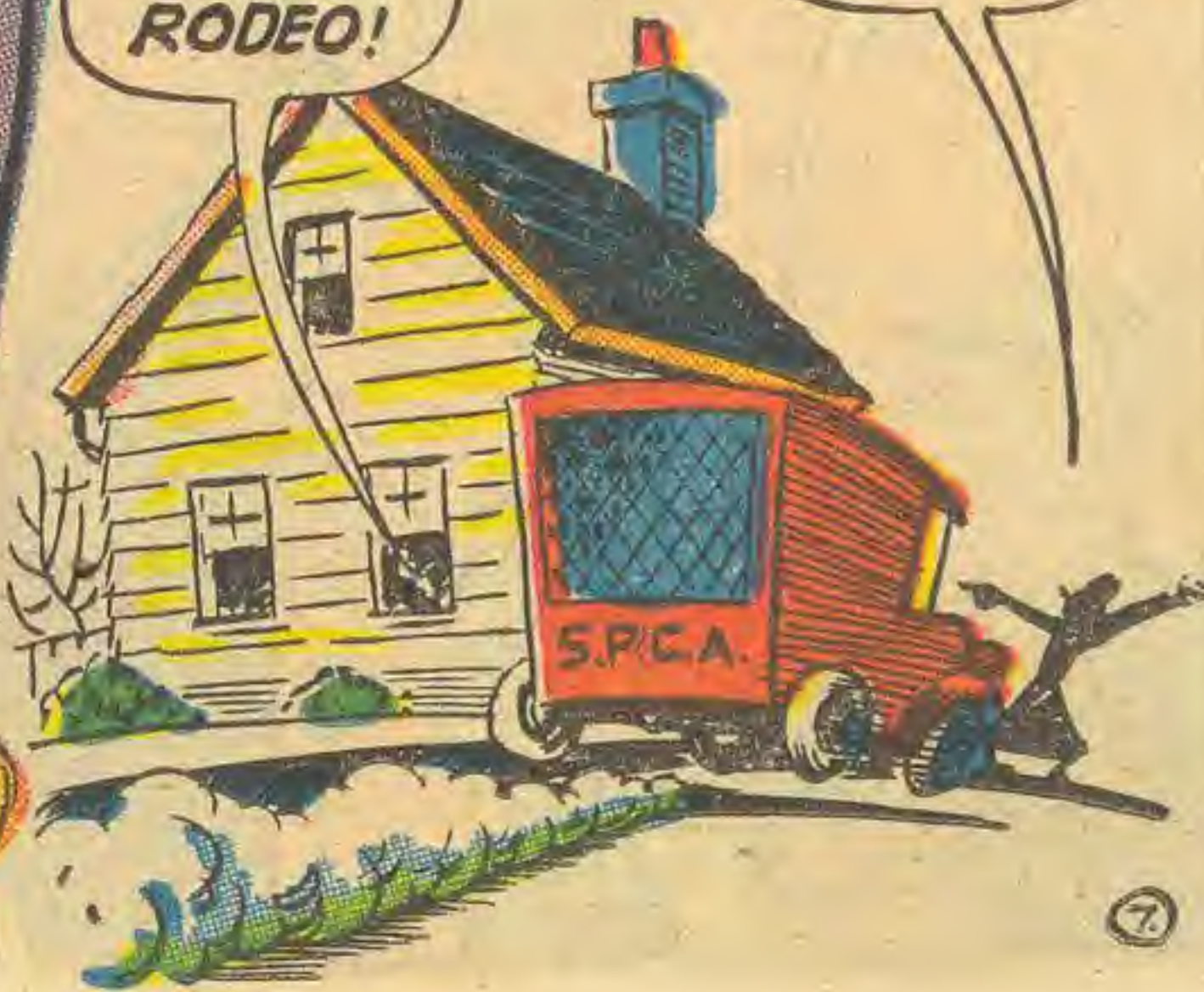
SIC 'IM, KID!



AWRRK! THIS IS BETTER THAN A RODEO!

YOO-HOO... STOP! THIS IS THE PLACE!

OH, I COULD CRY!







SEND HIM UP FOR LIFE!

YEAH, LADY!

HEY! OPEN UP IN THERE!

ALLOW ME!



NICE GOIN' LADY!

SOME FUN, HEY, KIDS?

CRASH!



GRAB HIM, JOE!

GOT 'IM!

HEY!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?



WE'RE FROM THE S.P.C.A.! YA KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO SIC DOGS ON EACH OTHER LIKE THIS GUY DID!

BUT THERE'S BEEN A MIS-UNDERSTANDING!



IT'S THAT BLAMED PARROT! HE YELLED 'SIC 'IM!'

IT'S A LIE! I CAN'T SPEAK A WORD OF ENGLISH!

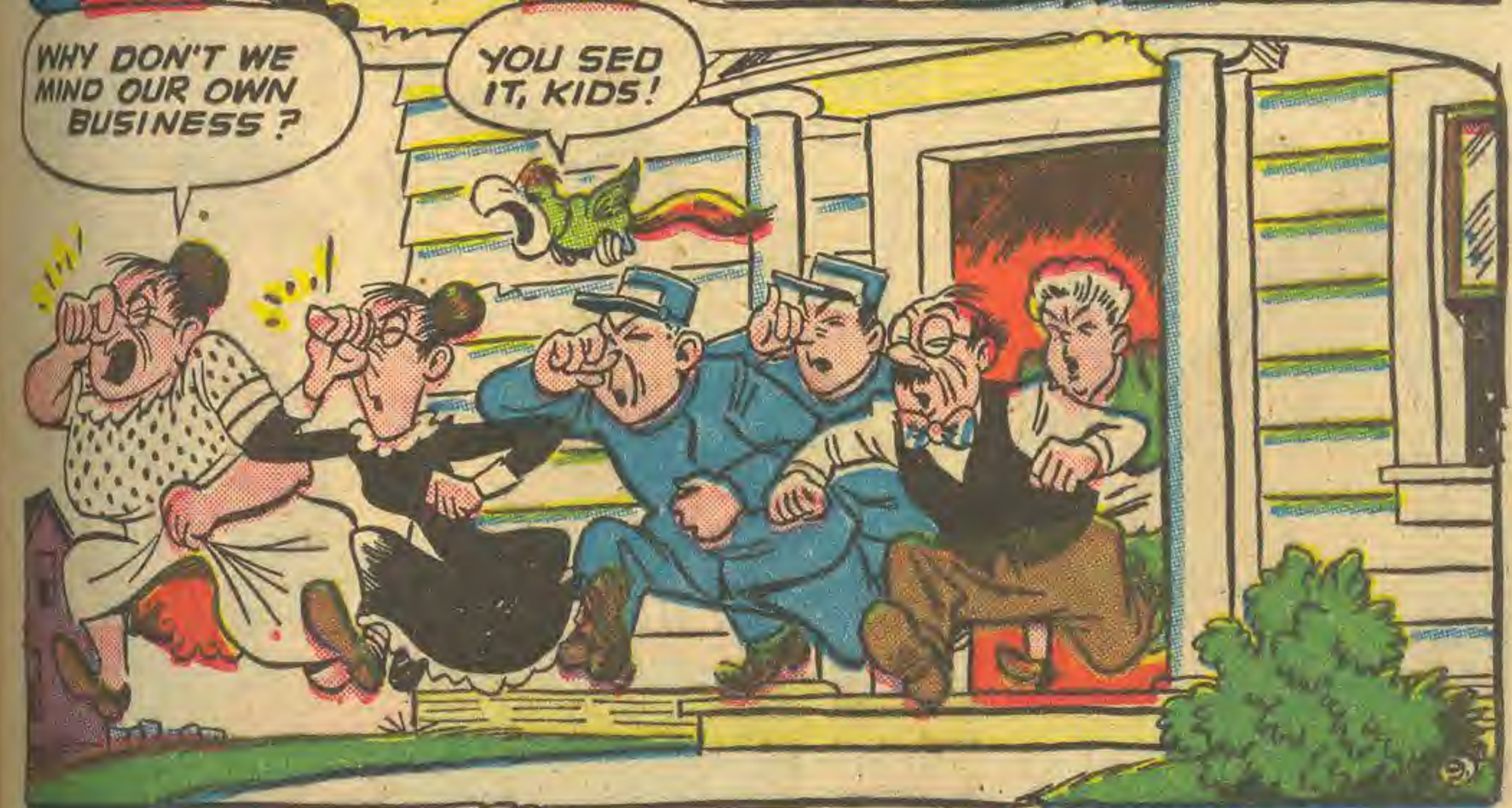
HEAR THAT? THE BIRD CAN'T TALK!

BLAMIN' A POOR BIRD HUMPH!

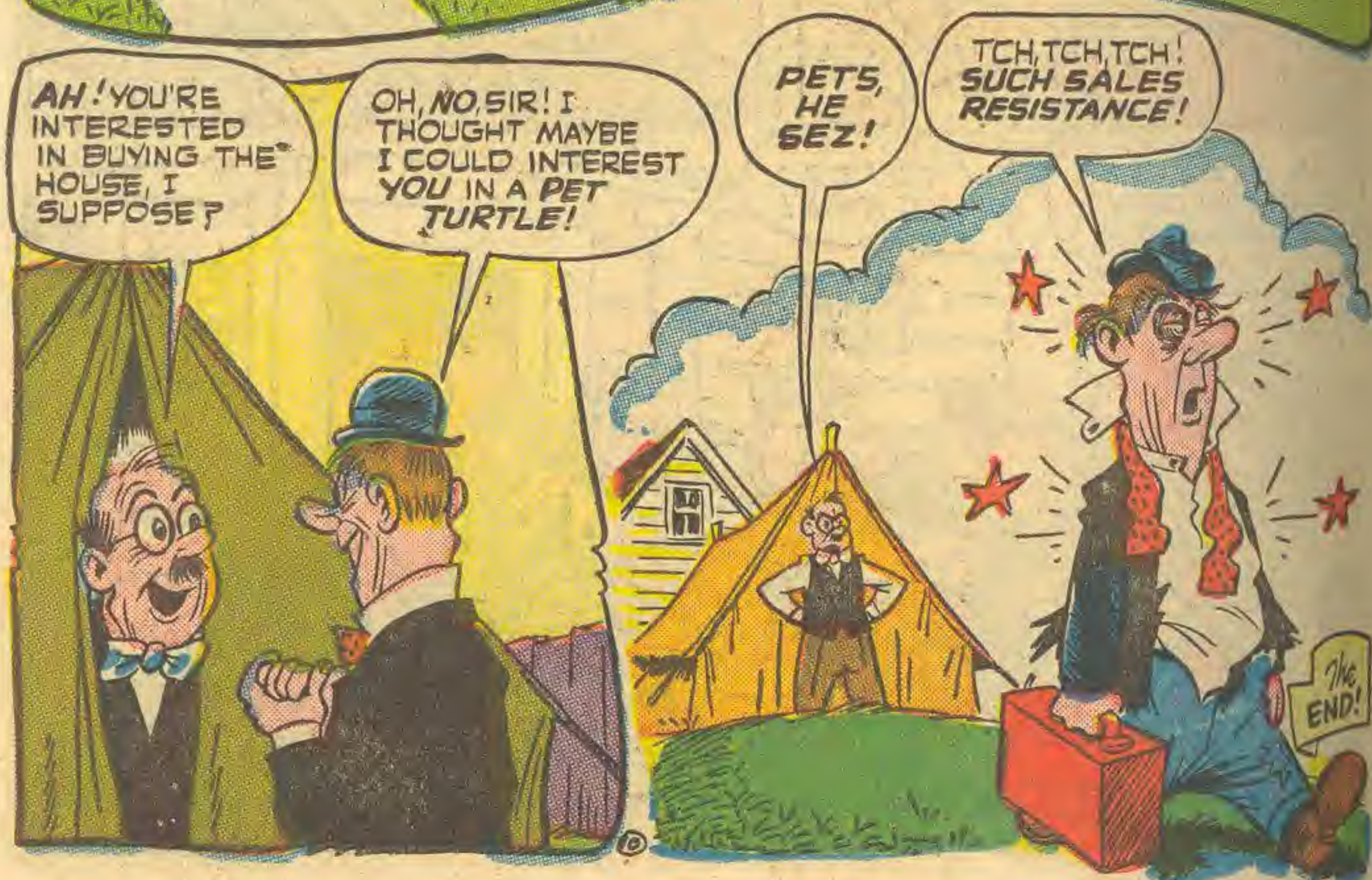
YEAH! IMAGINE THAT!













# LORRIE

by  
AL  
HARLEY

LORRIE, DID THAT  
NINCOMPOOP DOOTSIE  
BRING YOU HOME  
FROM SCHOOL AGAIN?

YES, MOM, BUT HE'S  
TURNED OVER A **NEW**  
**LEAF!** YOU'LL BE **PROUD**  
OF DOOTSIE NOW!

YOU KNOW HOW  
HE'S ALWAYS SLAMMING  
ON THE BRAKES... AND  
STARTING HIS CAR WITH  
A JERK...?

...AND HOW HE WALKS  
LIKE AN APE DOWN  
MAIN STREET AND  
TURNS HAND-  
SPRINGS...?

WELL, DOOTSIE  
SAYS HE ISN'T  
GOING TO DO ANY  
OF THOSE THINGS  
ANYMORE...

...UNLESS HE'S **ABSOLUTELY**  
**SURE SOMEONE'S WATCHING,**  
**OF COURSE!**



# Book REPORT

**J**ITTERBUCK Jones was visibly nervous as he walked towards the school. In fact, he was talking to himself. "What'll I do, what'll I do, what'll I do?" he kept saying over and over again.

"What's eatin' you, Jit?" asked Zoot, falling into step with the distraught boy.

"That dad-ratted book report!" Jit said bitterly. "You know, on 'Silas Marner.' I didn't read it! What'll I do if she calls on me? I'll flunk, I know I will! I'll get expelled, I'll get bawled out, my family'll disown me, I'll . . ."

"Hey, take it easy!" Zoot soothed Jit, who was trembling like a leaf. "Don't be a chump, ya chump. Just listen real hard while yer pal Zoot tells ya, but *quick*, the whole story of 'Silas Marner!'"

Jit grasped Zoot's arm in fervent gratitude. "Start talkin', Zoot," he commanded. "Tell me all!"

Zoot started talking . . . fast! In five minutes, he told Jit the entire story . . . of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Poor Jit was too worried to realize that his "pal" was playing a little joke on him. Instead, he drank in every word thirstily, especially the part where Eliza had to cross the treacherous river, leaping from ice floe to ice floe.

"Gosh, Zoot," said Jit when Zoot had finished, "I'll never forget ya fer this. Once in a while I've thought you're a rat, but I sure take it back. You're great!"

"Sssshh," counselled Zoot, as they entered the classroom. "She'll hear ya! Well, good

luck!" He went to his seat, thinking gleefully of Jit's embarrassment and discomfiture should he be called on. "I kin hardly wait!" he said to himself.

Zoot didn't have very long to wait, for immediately after Miss Hotchkiss had called the roll, she said, "We are ready for our oral book reports. The first pupil to speak will be . . . *Jitterbuck Jones!*"

Jit rose to his feet, winked confidently at Zoot and began to speak. "I thought it wuz the best book I ever heard of," he began, sticking to the strict truth. "First of all, it wuz against slavery an' it showed how slavery makes people suffer! It showed how everybody kin really get along together if they're nice people an' it wuz very exciting where Eliza hadda run across the ice!"

"Eliza! Slavery! Ice!" gasped Miss Hotchkiss. "Jitterbuck Jones, you're not talking about 'Silas Marner' . . . you're talking about 'Uncle Tom's Cabin!' Do you know what I think?"

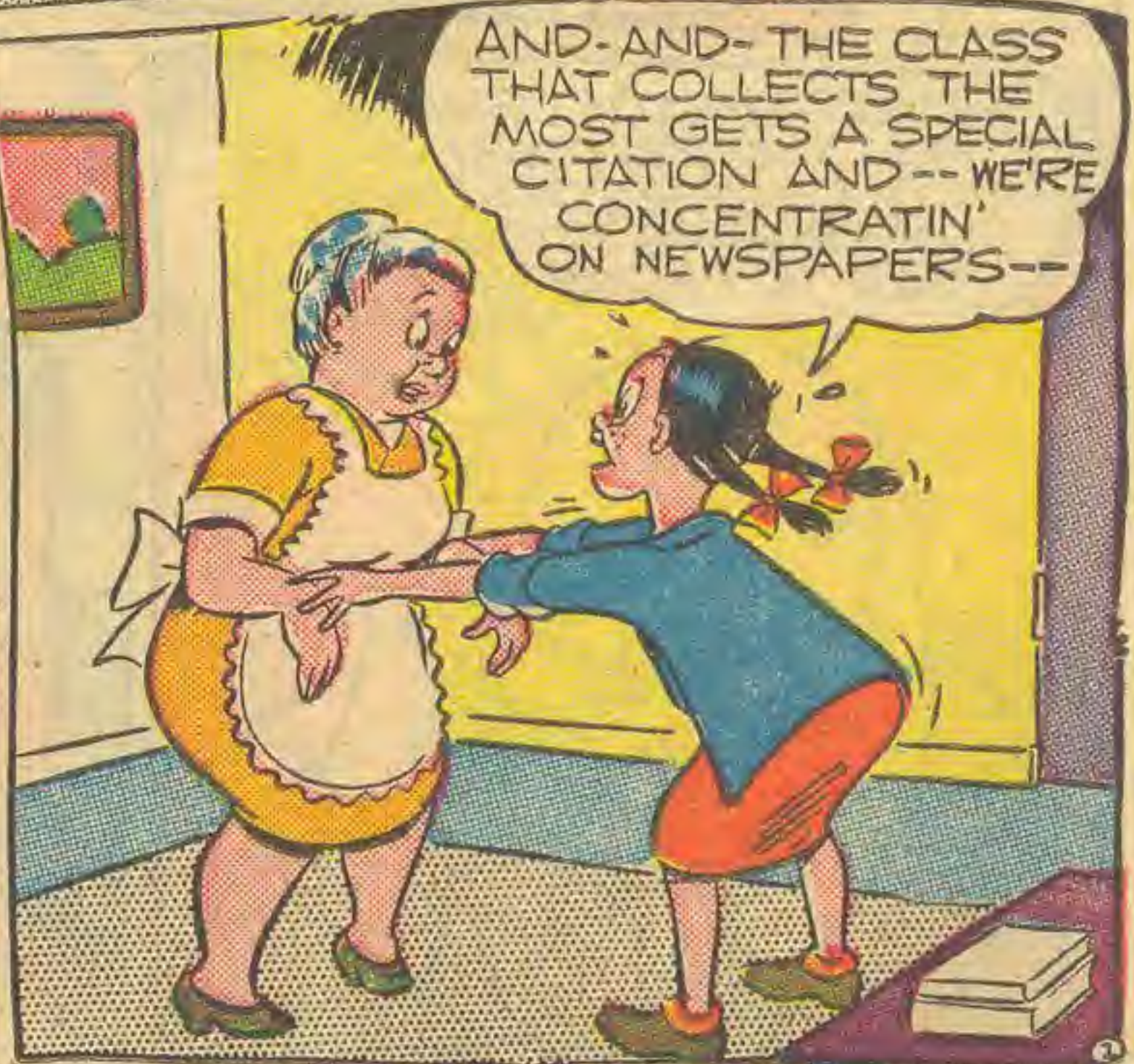
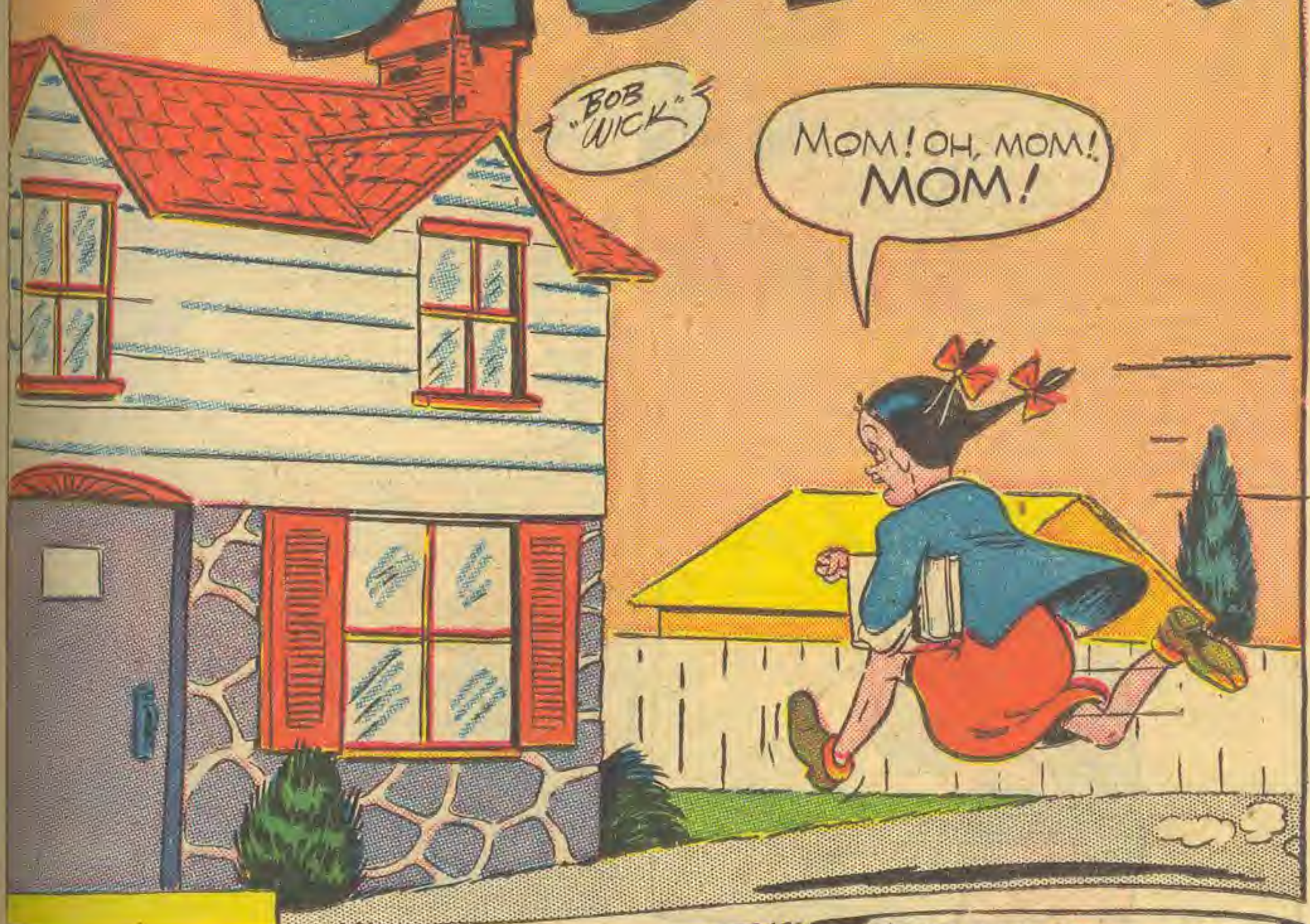
Zoot smiled. This was it, all right. Jit was going to get a bawling out he'd never forget!

"I think you are a bright, intelligent boy!" said Miss Hotchkiss firmly. "I would like to congratulate Jitterbuck Jones, who had enough intellectual curiosity to tackle one of America's greatest books, all by himself! Jitterbuck, you may expect an 'A' in this course!"

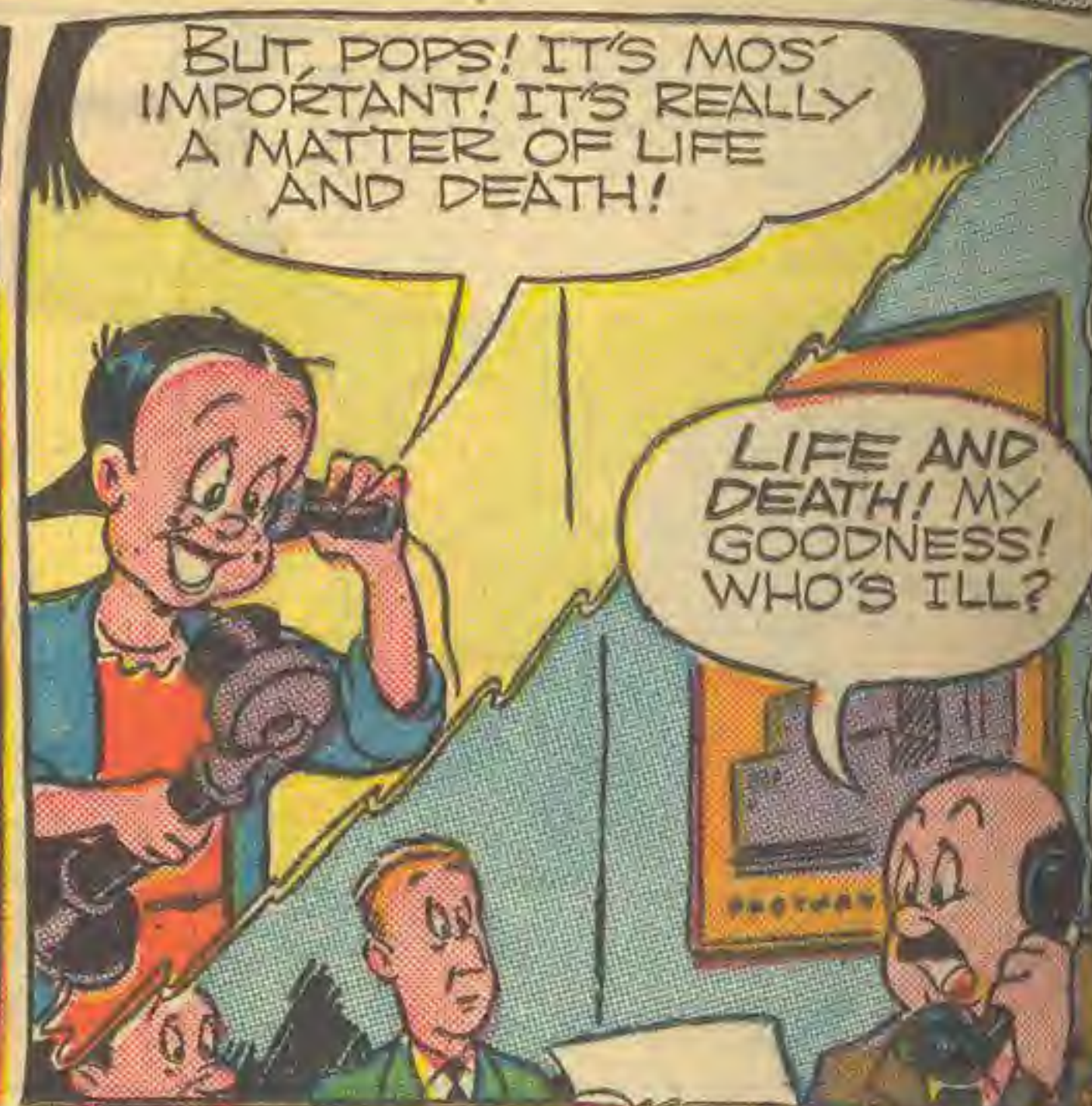
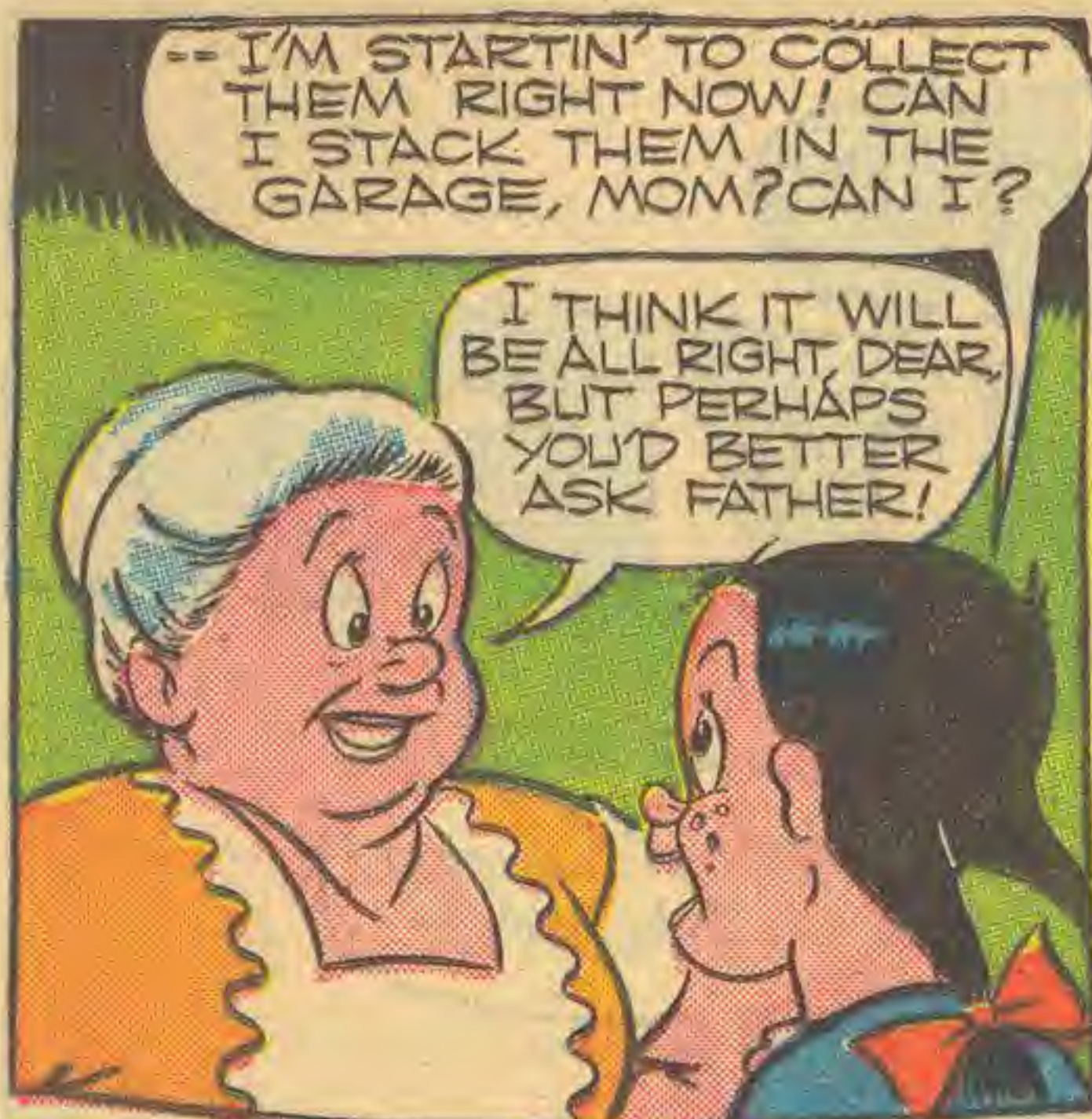
Jitterbuck blushed and stammered his thanks. As he sat down again, he leaned over towards Zoot and whispered, "And you may expect an 'I' . . . a *black* one!"



# OUR KID SISTER









NOBODY'S SICK, POP! IT'S JUST THAT WE'RE HAVING A PAPER DRIVE AT SCHOOL TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE HUNGRY CHILDREN OF THE WORLD, AND I WONDERED IF I COULD COLLECT 'EM IN THE GARAGE?



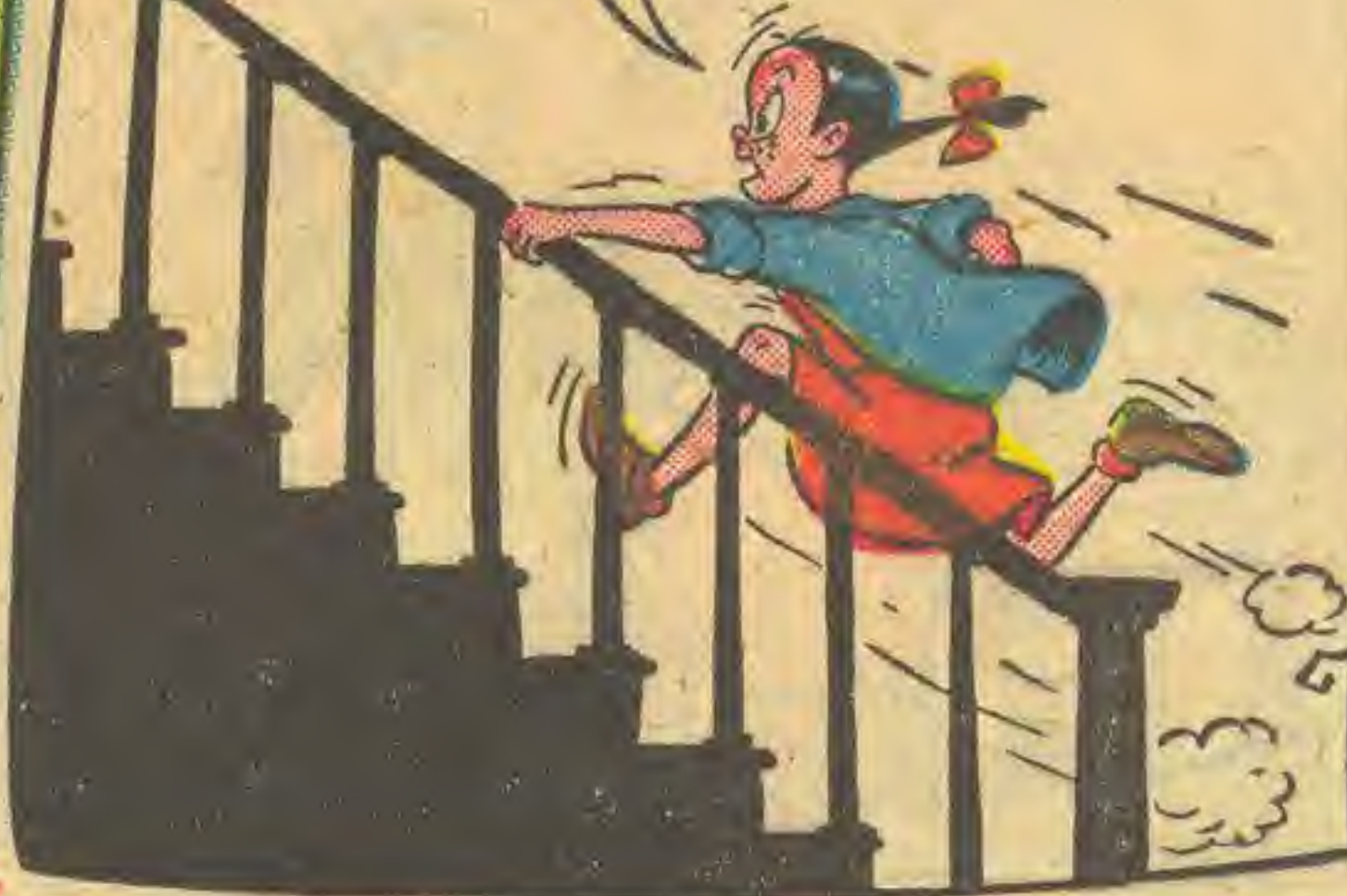
WHY-ER-I GUESS SO! BUT SEE TO IT THAT THEY'RE STACKED NEATLY, CINDY!



OH, POPS! YOU'RE SUPER! G'BYE!



CHANGE MY CLOTHES AND GET BUSY!



COLLECT NEWS-PAPERS 'TIL I'M DIZZY!



GOSH! I'M A POET! NOW FOR THE WAGON!







MRS. BROWN, I'M COLLECTING NEWSPAPERS FOR THE HUNGRY CHILDREN OF THE WORLD DRIVE! DO YOU HAVE ANY?

WHY YES, CINDY! I BELIEVE THERE'S A FEW ON THE BACK PORCH!



WELL, IT'S A START! I'M ON MY WAY NOW!



HERE'S A WHOLE SHED FULL, CINDY! HELP YOURSELF!

GOSH! THAT'S TERRIFIC, MRS. KNIGHT!



I'LL DUMP THE FIRST LOAD IN THE GARAGE! THIS IS BETTER THAN I EXPECTED!

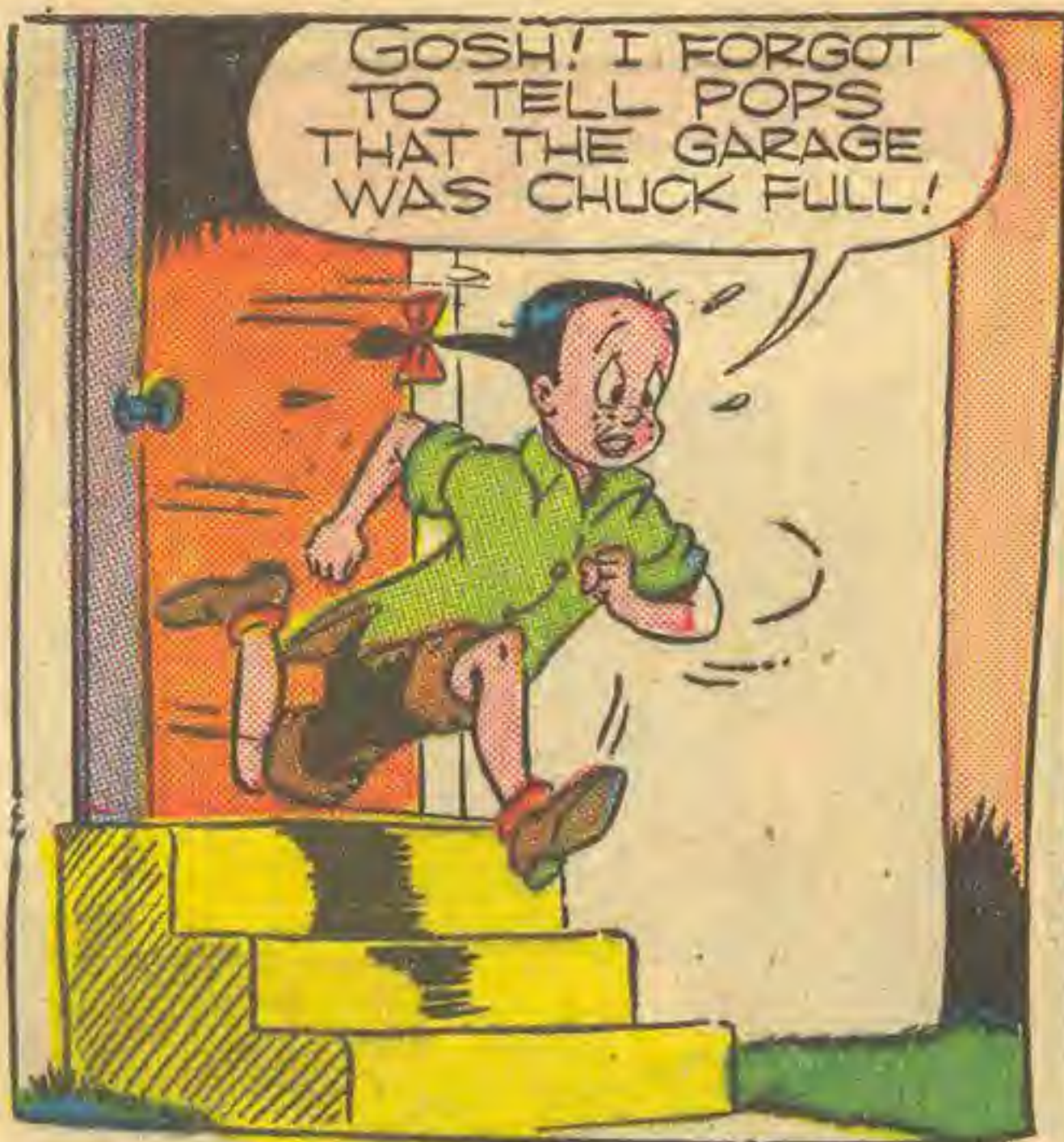


I BET I GET A TON BEFORE I'M FINISHED! NOW TO CANVASS THE NEXT BLOCK!





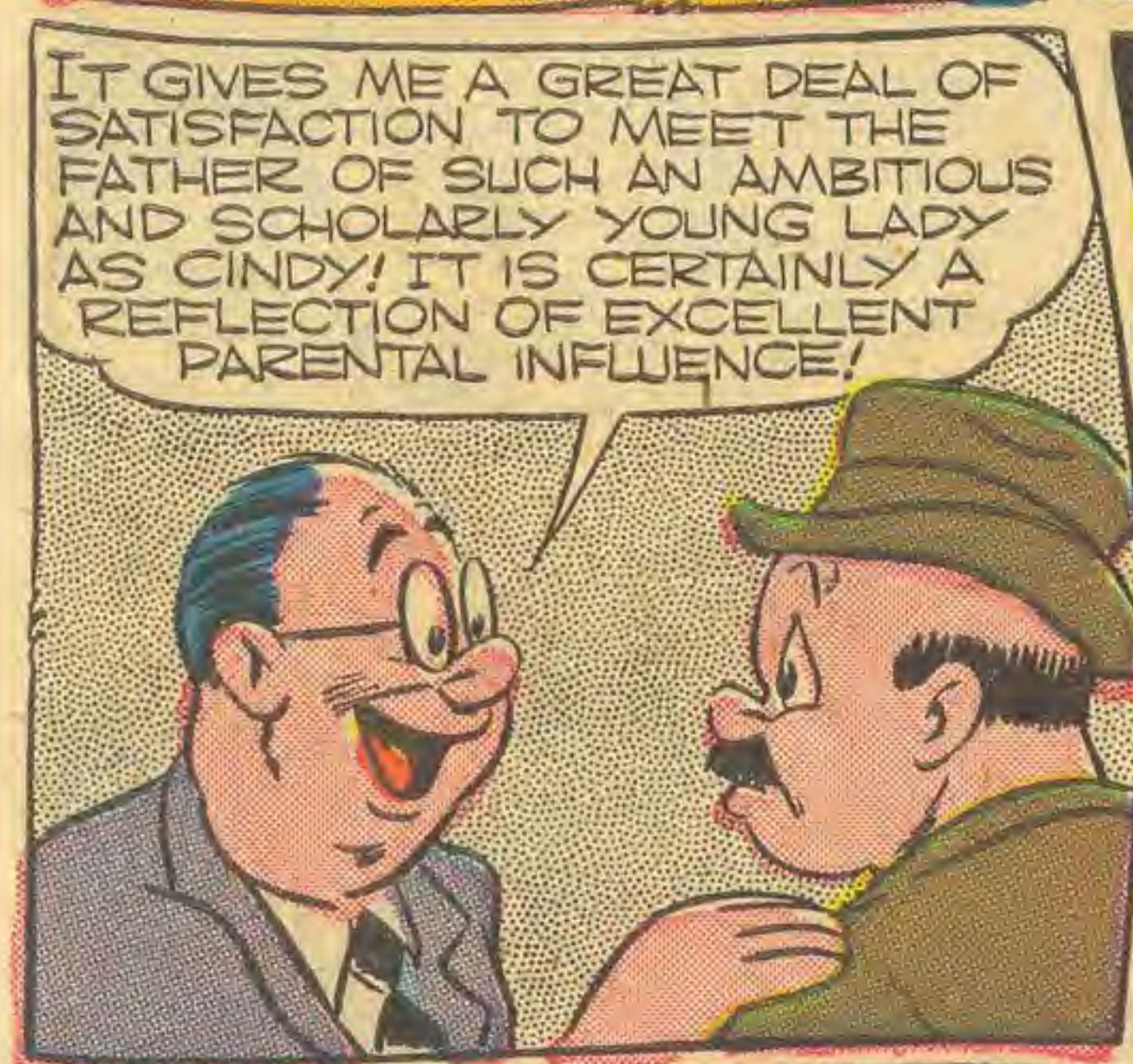
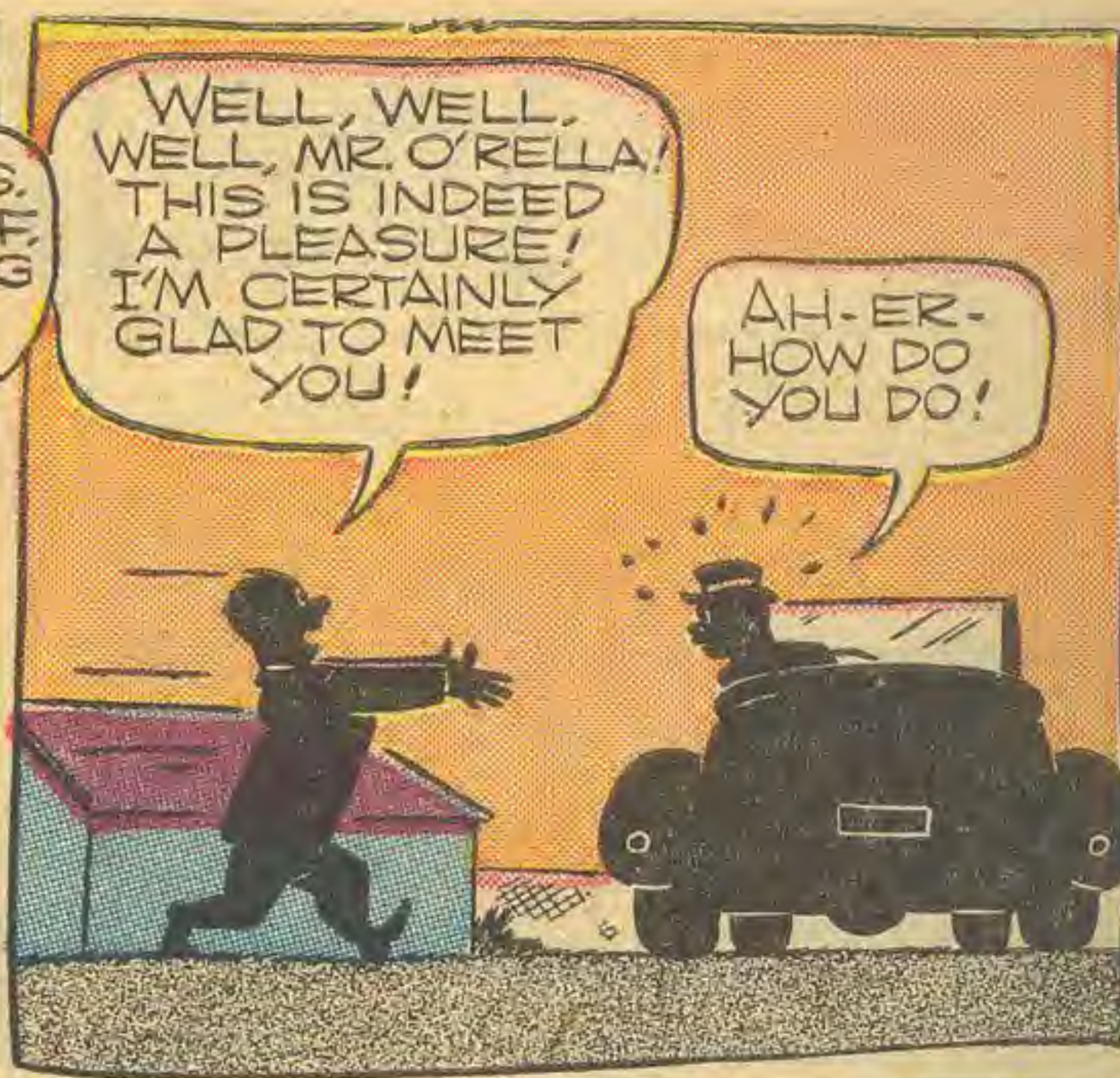














Leonardo Da Vinci

# O'TOOLE

COOKIE entered the house and closed the door quietly behind him. "H'lo," he said to his mother and father.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Toole exchanged understanding looks. "Where've you been, son?" Pop asked. "Soda Jerkerie?"

"Nope," Cookie answered. "Museum of Art." Pulling his sketch pad out of his pocket, he walked silently and soulfully up to his room.

Again, Mr. and Mrs. O'Toole looked at each other. "I'm getting worried," Cookie's mother said. "He's not acting *normal*!"

"Frankly, mother, *I'm* worried too," Mr. O'Toole agreed. "All that boy ever seems to do lately, at home or in school, is *draw pictures*! What's come over him?"

Upstairs in his room, Cookie stared at his reflection in the mirror moodily. "Art!" he suddenly moaned dramatically. "What do *they* know of art?" Here, he threw a scornful glance at the floor, as though he could see through it to his parents below. "Little do they understand the yearnings of a *true genius*!"

In the days that followed, the true genius pursued his art furiously. He sketched, drew and doodled on every available space in the house. And one afternoon, when the folks were out visiting, Cookie had his inspiration!

"I'll show 'em!" he muttered, running for his paint set. "The *living room walls* . . . perfect for an original O'Toole mural! When they see what I've done, they'll hafta admit I'm *sensational*!"

Working furiously, Cookie drew huge figures on the four walls and applied brightly-

colored paint in great, swishing strokes. The living room was a seething mass of vivid streaks and splotches . . . when Mr. and Mrs. O'Toole came home!

They stood at the entrance to the room as if spellbound. Finally, both of them found their voices at the same time. "*Cookie!*" they shouted.

"Sensational, huh?" Cookie asked eagerly. "Surprised ya, huh?"

"You certainly have," admitted Pop O'Toole grimly, advancing towards Cookie. "And now, my boy, *I* have a little surprise for you! Where's my *hairbrush*?"

"Just a minute," twittered mother nervously. "If you don't mind, Cookie, I'd like to speak to your father . . . *in private*!" Cookie gulped, swallowed and left the room.

"You can't spank a grown boy like Cookie!" Mrs. O'Toole tried to restrain her husband. "There's only one thing that can do the trick . . . *psychology*!"

"Cookie!" bellowed Mr. O'Toole, after mother had explained her meaning. "Come in here! Your mother and I are going to let you have your way. You're going to be a *painter*!"

"Honest?" breathed Cookie.

"Honest!" snapped Mr. O'Toole. "Tomorrow, you will paint the entire living room . . . a nice cream color with enamel woodwork! Right over your . . . er . . . murals! It's your first real *commission*!"

Cookie looked slightly green as he mumbled, "Thanks, pop!"

"Oh, don't mention it," said his father. "*In fact, never mention it again!*"



# PICKLES

by AL HARLEY

"LET 'EM EAT CAKE!"  
MARIE ANTOINETTE MADE HISTORY  
WITH THAT WHEEZE-- BUT IT  
TOOK PICKLES, THAT REET AND  
ROMANTIC RUG-CUTTER, TO RE-  
WRITE HISTORY WITH A MOAN  
AND A GROAN! SO START  
READING!



HI, FELLAS! WHAT...  
NO SLICK CHICKS  
AROUND?



NOPE! THEY'RE ALL  
HOME MAKIN' WITH THE  
BAKIN' FOR THE CAKE  
CONTEST AT THE TEEN  
CLUB SOCIAL TOMORROW  
NIGHT!



DEBBIE SAID THERE'S GONNA  
BE A SWELL PRIZE FOR THE  
BEST CAKE---SAY! WHY THE  
FIENDISH GRIN, PICKLES?



CAKE-  
BAKIN'  
CONTEST?  
PRIZE?  
HMM...



LOOK, SQUARES! IF DEBBIE'S GOT HER HAND IN THIS, THE PRIZE WILL BE SUMP'N OUT OF THIS WORLD! GUYS, WE'RE GOIN' AFTER IT! WE'RE GONNA ENTER THAT CONTEST WITH A CAKE THAT'S BOUND TO WIN!



ARE YOU KIDDIN', PICKLES? WHY, EVERY TIME I BEAT AN EGG IT TURNS BLACK AND BLUE! WE COULDN'T COMPETE WITH THE GALS!

ME, BAKE A CAKE? NOT AM I, A CULINARY CUTIE?



WAIT! I'M NOT SAYIN' WE CAN MAKE A BETTER CAKE! ALL I SAY IS THAT OURS WILL WIN!

B-BUT HOW...



BINKIE, GO TELL THE GIRLS THAT, AS MEMBERS OF GOOD STANDING IN THE TEEN CLUB, WE DEMAND TO ENTER THE CONTEST! NOW LATCH ON TO THIS, GUY! HERE'S THE ANGLE...



PICKLES UNFOLDS HIS PLAN!

THAT'S A GROOVY IDEA, PICKLE-ICKY! HAW-HAW! CAN YOU PICTURE THE GALS' FACES WHEN WE COP THAT GRAND PRIZE?

CAN I! OKAY--NOW YOU'VE GOTTA HUSTLE, MEN! THERE'S SUPER-SLEUTHIN' TA BE DONE!



NOW FIRST, WE GOTTA KNOW EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF CAKE EACH GAL IS ENTERIN'...

I GETCHA-- THE SIZE, FLAVOR, COMPLETE DESCRIPTION!

CHECK!











PICKLES, THESE CAKES ARE LIKE ROCKS! THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO CUT THEM...THEY'LL HAVE TO **BLAST!**

OOF!

NOW, BINKIE, WHILE WE'RE PUTTIN' THE ICING AND DECORATIONS ON THESE CAKES TO MAKE 'EM LOOK **EXACTLY** LIKE THE ONES THE GALS HAVE MADE, YOU DASH DOWN TO THE BAKERY AND PICK OUT THE SWELLEST CAKE THEY GOT! **SUMP'N SUPER!** THAT'LL BE **OUR ENTRY**, SEE?



The next night...

EVERYTHING'S SET, PICKLES! WE SUBSTITUTED THOSE KITCHEN MONSTROSITIES FOR THE GALS' CAKES! THAT MAKES OUR ENTRY A **CINCH** FOR THE BIG PRIZE!

OH, BOY! HERE COMES DEBBIE! ABOUT TO SELECT THE 'BEST CAKE, NO DOUBT! **HEH-HEH!**

JEEPERS! THAT **WONDERFUL PRIZE** IS ALMOST IN OUR HANDS!



FELLOW TEEN-CLUBBERS! THE COMMITTEE HAS BEEN DELIGHTED BY THE INTEREST THE BOYS HAVE DISPLAYED IN THIS CONTEST! YET WE REALIZE THAT **THEIR CAKES** COULD NEVER COMPARE WITH **OURS!**

SO, IN THE INTERESTS OF FAIRNESS, WE HAVE DECIDED ON A **SLIGHT CHANGE** IN THIS CONTEST!

ULP! W-WOT'S COMIN'?

(NOT A BACKFIRE, I HOPE!



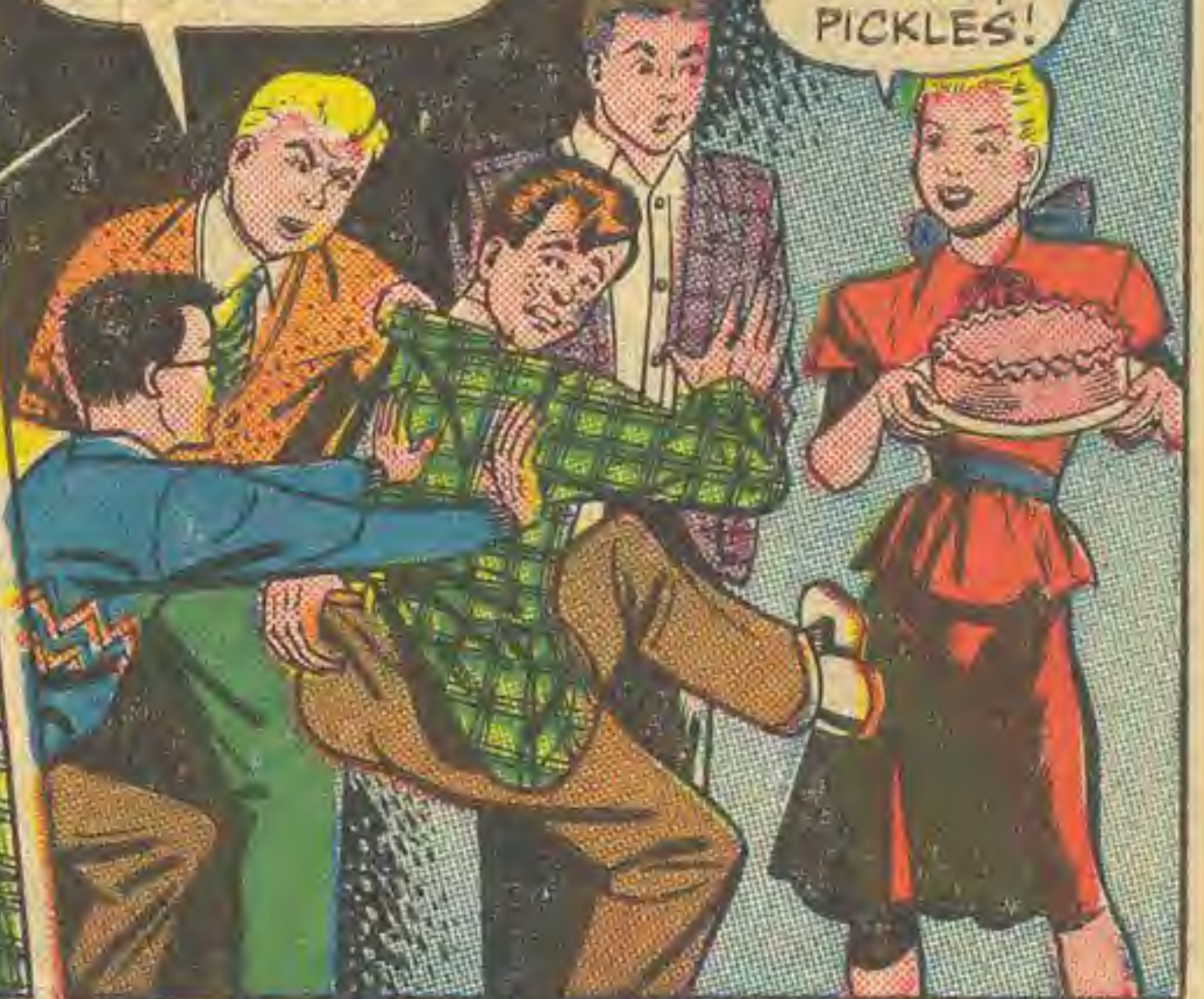


INSTEAD OF THE BEST **CAKE**, WE'VE DECIDED TO SELECT THE BEST **CAKE-EATER!** AND TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION OF YOUR FINE SPIRIT, WE GIRLS ARE GOING TO STAND ASIDE...AND LEAVE THE **CONTEST TO YOU MEN!** LET'S GO! AND MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!



START CHEWIN' CHUM! THIS WAS YOUR BRAINSTORM!

OH, TRY MY CAKE FIRST, PICKLES!



WELL...ER...I JUST REMEMBERED...I GOT A DATE...AN' BESIDES, I'M NOT V-VERY HUNGRY...

P-PICKLES! HOW COULD YOU! THAT'S A FINE TRIBUTE TO MY COOKING! BOO-HOO-HOO!



STOP! STOP! I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE A WOMAN CRY! LOOK, I'M EATIN' IT! GULP-CHOKE...IT'S D-DELICIOUS!

OH, YOU...YOU DARING! COME ON... MORE! FASTER! DON'T FORGET THAT WONDERFUL PRIZE WE'RE GIVING!



HEY! DEBBIE MUSTA TIPPED PICKLES OFF ON WHAT THE PRIZE IS...AND IT MUST BE TERRIFIC! LOOKIT HIM EAT FOR IT!



WELL, C'MON... IF PICKLES CAN DOWN THIS STUFF, SO CAN WE!

FOR THAT SOLID PRIZE! LET'S GO!





NOT THE...! I'M DOIN' THIS FOR LOVE... BUT THE ONLY THING THAT'D MAKE THE GANG TEAR INTO THIS CEMENT IS IF THEY FOUND OUT WOT THE BIG CAKE-EATIN' PRIZE IS!



WELL, IF IT'S WORTH IT TA THEM, IT MUST BE SUMP'N SENSATIONAL... I'M GONNA WIN IT!



AND, AS THE BIG CONTEST CLOSES...

HELP! I WANT A STOMACH PUMP!

GROAN! I'M DYING!

CONGRATULATIONS, PICKLES! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE STILL EATING... SO YOU WIN! THE GRAND PRIZE IS YOURS!

IT TOOK AN AWFUL EFFORT, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT FOR THAT SUPER PRIZE... WHATEVER IT IS!



BRING OUT THE PRIZE, GIRLS! AND PICKLES, BECAUSE YOU DID SO WELL...

-- YOU CAN EAT IT RIGHT NOW!



MORE FUN WITH PICKLES... NEXT ISSUE!



# LOOK AT THIS SENSATIONAL OFFER!!!

## 3 IN 1 AIR PISTOL

Rush Your Order

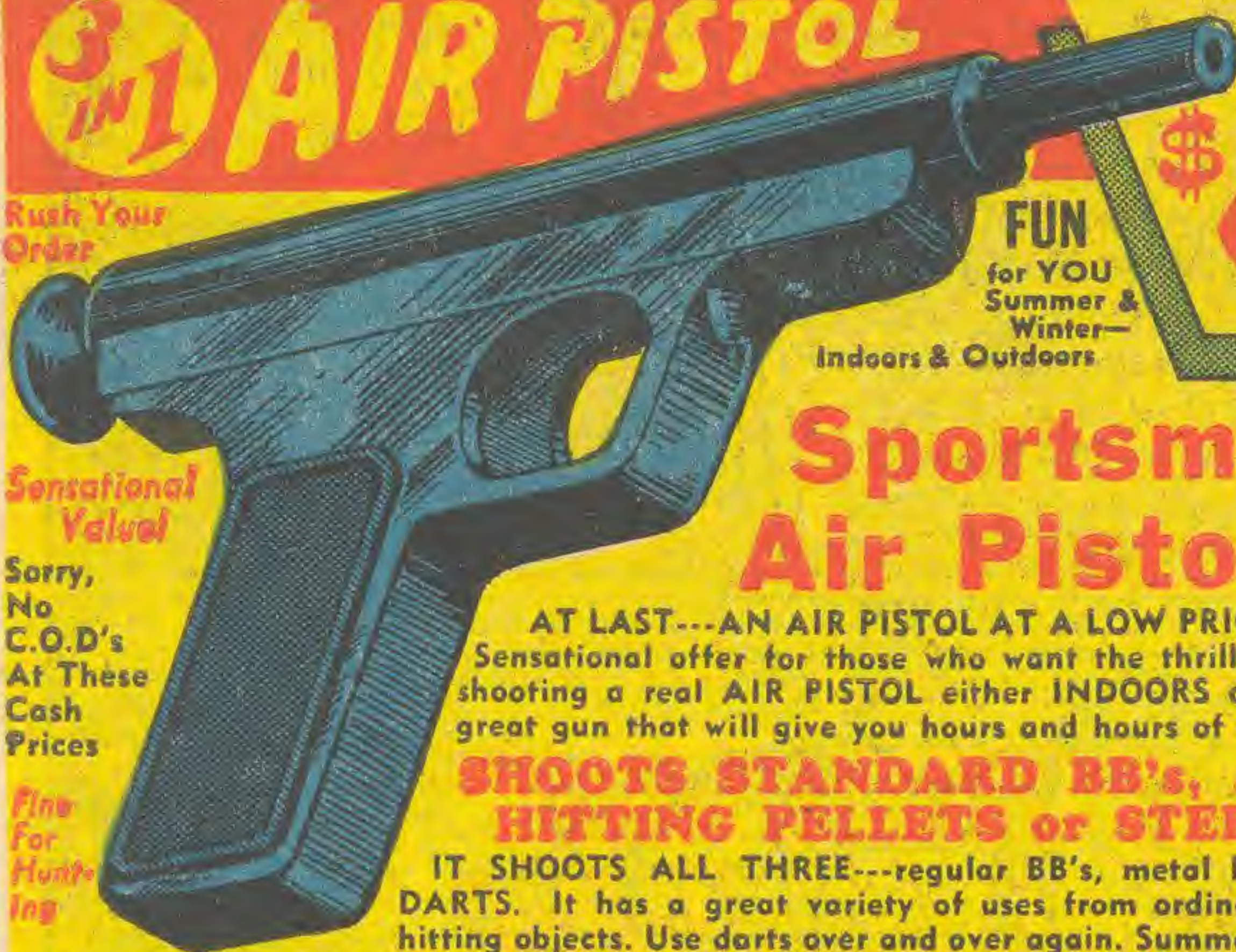
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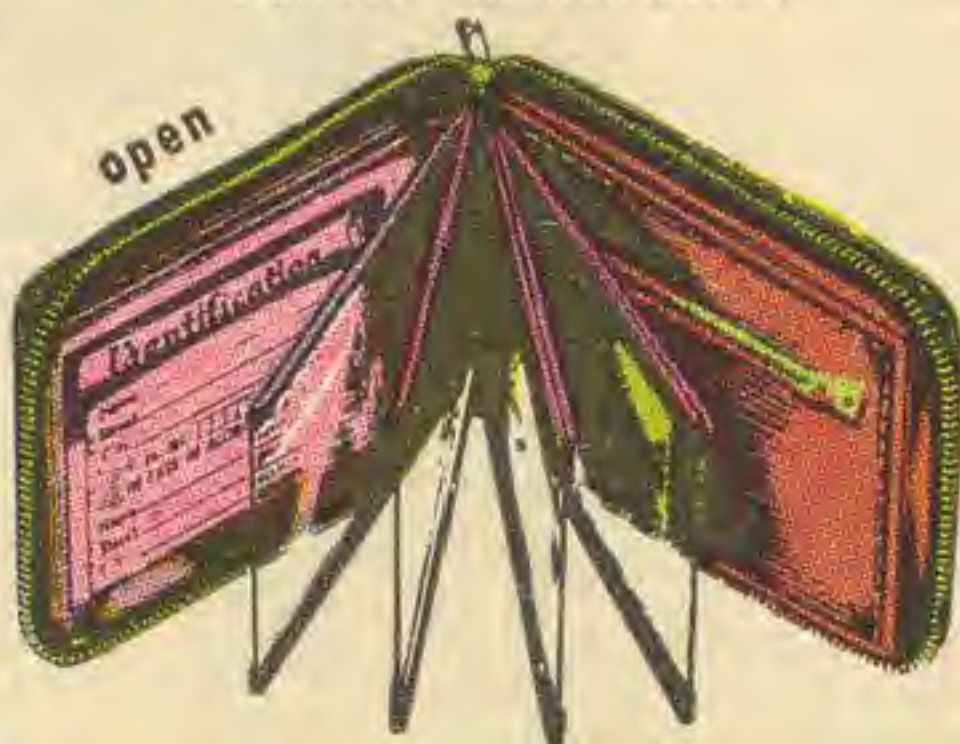
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